

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2626.—VOL. XCV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1889.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6¹/₂d.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE SALUTING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Arran murder has caused much good advice to be given us about the dangers of making chance friendships. It is improbable that a professional homicide should be such very good company as to steal our hearts away unless we wear them on our sleeve, though Lord Byron does tell us that the most agreeable fellow-traveller he ever met in his life was a pickpocket. A tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, of a fable disposition, was describing the beauties of Edinburgh to a companion, when his treatise on Scott (opposite his monument) was cut short by a police inspector. "Do you know the person you are walking with, Sir?" "I don't know the gentleman's name," said the tutor, flushing up. "I should think not, nobody does; but I think it right to tell you that he is the most accomplished thief in Scotland."

"When a man travels he mustn't look queer if he meets with some things that he doesn't meet here," sang the elder Mathews, and among them is the chance fellow-traveller. Sometimes we look queer to him. A friend of mine, who would not hurt a fly, and has honesty, one would have thought, engraved on his countenance, had a terrible adventure last winter in the Scotch mail. There was only one other passenger in the carriage—a pleasant little fellow, with whom he struck up, during the long journey, a cordial acquaintance. As it grew dark and chill, he saw the other shiver, and politely offered him his brandy-flask. "Certainly not," said the little man (though he shivered more than ever): "not a drop." My friend, still bent on benevolence, and thinking the other a teetotaler, then produced a bottle of camphor pilules. "These are an excellent preservative from cold." Then the little man dashed at the glass by breaking which you effect a communication with the guard, stopped the train, and gave my friend into custody for a repeated attempt to drug him.

Recent revelations respecting the price paid to the translators of foreign novels into English will open some people's eyes. It is not generally understood that "sweating" is a process known to those who follow the profession of letters; but so it is. Fourpence a page is the price, it seems, paid by some publishers to those by whose help they cheaply circulate in foreign climes the purest models of these modern times—or, in other words, French novels. As a matter of fact, save under exceptional circumstances (and even then the trade is not blooming), there is no work, short of shirt-making, so ill-paid as translating novels. In the one case the poor wretch provides his own buttons and thread, in the other his pen and ink; but, for translating, a dictionary is also necessary. Type-writing—the mere copy work—is, in comparison with it, a princely calling. It is no wonder one hears it said that "translations are not worth reading." It is because they are not worth making. The application made by all sorts and conditions of men, and still more of women, to be admitted into this craft, on the strength of their knowing a little French and German, are growing more and more numerous, and very pitiful, to those who know how little can come of it, is their desire. The fact is that those who like foreign fiction read it in the language in which it is written. The mere English reader (unless it is Zolaesque) cares little about it. So there is small demand for this commodity.

The circumstance is to be regretted on all accounts, and, among others, that it brings translations into unmerited contempt. Of course, there are some foreign novelists, such as Balzac, who can never be translated; but the notion that nothing "from the French" is worth reading—that "its delicate aroma all escapes" in the bottling, and so on—is rubbish, the mere swagger of the Cultured. All Victor Hugo's novels, and several of the elder Dumas's, have great attractions even in their English dress; but they happen to have been exceptionally well translated. What can you expect in the way of style at fourpence a page?

A terrible MS. has recently come to light—a letter from a very famous author to his editor, in which he confesses to have composed a notice of his own poems. "I have ingeniously contrived to review myself," he calmly writes. "Tell me if this will do." The critics are dreadfully outraged at this scandalous proceeding—as well they may be, for what would become of their trade if such behaviour were common?—but the article in question is a very mild affair, and can certainly not be stigmatised as "logrolling." The crime of reviewing one's own book is not so utterly unparalleled as might be imagined from the excitement produced by this discovery, but it is certainly not done in the upper circles of literature. It may be said, indeed, that with authors highly placed it is not necessary, but one would also hope that a feeling of self-respect would forbid it. It is possible, indeed, that out of mere pity for the want of taste exhibited by the neglect of his book, a writer might point out its beauties with his own hand; but the world is censorious, and would certainly impute a less philanthropic motive. On the other hand, how interesting in the case of a really great work would be the views of its author concerning it! The nearest approach to it, perhaps, is the second "Locksley Hall" by him who wrote the first one; only the shortcomings dwelt upon in the earlier work are in the sentiments only, and not in the composition.

How charming it would be to learn what portions of a noble poem its author thought the best, and what portions in his own opinion—well, fell a little short of perfection. Now and then some literary giant, vexed by his critics, condescends to tell them how they flounder. ("Instead of Sir Pitt 'being impossible,' my good Sir, it is the only character drawn from life in the whole story.") But these revelations are very rare. One would like to know what Milton *really* thought (between you and me and the gate post," as the homely phrase runs) of "Paradise Regained."

One doubts whether even Delilah (his youngest wife) could ever have got it out of him. One would like to hear Wordsworth's depreciatory views of "The Excursion"—or, indeed, of any works he ever wrote. His opinion of them would probably coincide with Lord Eldon's judgment upon his favourite liquor: "Some port is better than others, but there is no such thing as bad port." Still, even a poet knows what is the inferior tippie among his literary brews a great deal better than anybody else can tell him. To suppose otherwise is to share the vulgar error that a man does not know himself better than other people know him. He has given more thought to the subject, every portion of which, moreover, is interesting to him. He knows, at all events, where he has fallen short of his own high standard. What has made some great authors angry with the strictures on their works is probably not, because the notices were unfavourable, but because they were so in the wrong place; just as the habitual lawbreaker is always furious with a conviction which may be his due, but has taken place through a mistake in the evidence. An inferior writer could not, of course, be trusted to give an opinion on such a subject, and nobody would care to listen to it if he did; but, so far from this indiscretion of Elia's, revealed so long after its occurrence, giving one an ill judgment of the man, its modest simplicity enhances our regard for him; and if his example had been followed, with honesty and candour, by other writers of the same rank, there would be no such delightful reading in the whole literature of criticism.

The last news from Macedonia gives us an example of the division of labour more complete than any dreamt of by the political economists. A gentleman is dragged from the society of three charming ladies by brigands, and confined in a house adjoining the headquarters of the police for ten weeks. It was no wonder that no one thought of looking for him in such a vicinity, especially as the dwelling in question was owned by the Archimandrite, or High Priest, who is always addressed as "his Beatitude." This holy man had received a considerable ransom for his prisoner, and was holding out for more, when the whole concern was "blown upon" by an act of imprudence on the part of one of the brigands (in shooting another traveller before the first was properly disposed of). This led to the arrest of the whole band, including not only his Beatitude but the three ladies. Still, while it lasted, a more ingenious system of co-operation could hardly be imagined. It is often said that the ladies are apt to play into the hands of the clergy, and vice versa, but this is certainly an unusual example of it. Even M. About's Brigand story, "The King of the Mountains," has nothing in it so perfectly humorous.

In a journal of the highest ecclesiastical views I find the following educational advertisement: "A lady is in quest of a school where the birch is used in the old-fashioned way for a girl of fourteen; also for a boy of twelve, where the discipline is equally strict." It seems a pity that a lady of such resolute principles should not have the courage of her opinions, and do her own flogging at home. It is probable, however, that the young persons in whose culture she feels so interested are her stepchildren, and that her delicate mind shrinks from castigating them under their father's roof. Or perhaps "the girl of fourteen" and the "boy of twelve" would be a little too much for her, especially if united by a common danger. In the same paper are advertised "Birch rods"—as recommended by "the ladies' committee for restoring the just use of the rod." This is a philanthropic society which extorts my admiration, as being the only one, as I am inclined to believe, that has not, at one time or another, applied to me for a subscription. What sort of rods, I wonder, do they recommend? I hope not those for which a guinea a year used to be charged at Eton. They had buds on them like Aaron's rod. Vulgar boys used to say, "Those buds be blow'd"; and I have heard (from those who ought to know) that they had to be extracted after the infliction. One would have hoped that a ladies' committee, being also presumably house-keepers, would have advocated the use of the long white dainty rods with which cream is whipped; but only the birch, it seems (that "Queen of the Woods"), will satisfy them. They can hardly be single ladies, or they would not concern themselves with the corporal punishment of girls. They must be wives and mothers. The fact of women being so is thought to be a guarantee of tenderness, but Solomon knew better. When they are cruel-hearted and, contrary to all expectation, have secured a husband, they throw off the mask of gentleness. Among the most disagreeable things Solomon ever met with, he counts "an odious woman when she is married." It is true he strongly recommends rods himself, though he does not say *what* rods (perhaps they were "of his own make"); but not for "girls of fourteen."

It was lamented by one who loved the equine race that horses, "the gentlest and most intelligent of animals," should become in the hands of man the instruments of fraud and deception; but, though no one impugns his honesty, the horse kicks, bites, and occasionally buck-jumps; and as to his intelligence, he is the only creature one is acquainted with who cannot be depended upon to move in a straight direction without blinkers? What is far more incongruous, if not deplorable, is the vulgar and even immoral uses to which flowers, the most innocent and beautiful things on earth, are now put to. There is nothing which gladdens the sick-chambers of the poor or the bare wards of the workhouse like flowers; but our habit is now to waste them in the wickedest profusion. We throw them into graves to perish with the bodies of our dead; we "bank" them in countless thousands in gaslit drawing-rooms to afford a few hours' pleasure; we pelt one another with them in "flower contests," as the clown pelts the crowd in pantomimes with carrots and turnips; and of late the fashionable world has taken to pad its carriages with roses at botanical fêtes—a proof, indeed, of its sense of the fitness of things, and of the homage it pays to Nature. But the

crowning folly of these modern days as respects the misuse of flowers has been reserved for the bouquet. Women give bouquets—the more gigantic in proportion to the notoriety of the objects of their admiration—even to men. In America, I read that the brutal pugilist Sullivan, on his road to jail, was overwhelmed with bouquets from the fair sex; and here, at home, our floral tributes are in no better taste. Think of that "magnificent bouquet" subscribed for by certain ladies of Liverpool, "to be presented to Mrs. Maybrick across the dock," in case of her acquittal! What notions of propriety must they have entertained! What sense of the sweet and innocent uses of "those stars of earth's firmament," its flowers!

THE COURT.

Her Majesty's dinner party on Aug. 7, the day of the sham fight at Aldershot (illustrated and described in this Issue), included his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, the Marquis of Lorne, the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes), the Dowager Duchess of Athole (Lady in Waiting), the Hon. Harriett Phipps, Miss Knollys (Lady in Waiting to the Princess of Wales), Count Hatzfeldt, Count Herbert Bismarck, Lieutenant-General Von Hahnke, Councillor Von Lucanus, Hofmarschall Von Liebenau, Lieutenant-General Von Wittich, Sir Edward Malet, General Arzt Lieutold, the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe (Lord Steward), Lord George Hamilton, the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P., Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, Admiral Sir Arthur Hood, Admiral De Horsey, Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, General Sir Henry Daly, General Sir Samuel Browne, General the Hon. Sir Leicester Smyth, Colonel Russell, Colonel Vesey (Commanding 1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry), Major von Zitzewitz, Major von Pfuel, Major Weisse, Captain Von Seudem Bilrau, Captain McCalla (U.S.S. Enterprise), Captain Bedford, A.D.C., Captain Fullerton, A.D.C., and Commander Lambton. The other Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room after dinner. Captain Bainbridge (commanding H.M.S. Valorous, guard-ship at Cowes), Commander Poore, Mr. Cockerell, and Mr. Syngé had the honour of being invited. The band of the Royal Marine Artillery, under the direction of Mr. Winterbottom, played a selection of music during and after dinner.

On the 8th the Queen witnessed a parade of the sailors and marines of the German Navy, who were drawn up in front of her Majesty's private apartments at Osborne House. At the call of the Emperor William, the men gave three hearty "Hochs" for the Queen. The Emperor then left with his staff for Osborne Bay, and witnessed the departure of his fleet. He returned to Osborne and bade her Majesty farewell, and then, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, proceeded to Trinity Pier, whence he was conveyed in his State barge to the Hohenzollern, amid the cheers of the spectators. As the Hohenzollern steamed past Osborne House a signal was made from her Majesty and a reply given from the Emperor's ship.

Prince and Princess Christian, who had been staying with the Queen during the visit of the German Emperor, left Osborne on the 9th. Count Hatzfeldt also left. Sir Sydney Webb had the honour of dining at the Royal table.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited her Majesty on the 10th. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg visited Southampton for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the Gordon Boys' Home, and were cordially welcomed by the thousands of people who lined the streets. Prince and Princess Hermann and Princess Pauline of Saxe-Weimar dined with her Majesty. Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, Admiral Lord Alcester, and Commander Poore, of her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, were invited.

On Sunday morning, the 11th, the Queen and Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Rev. Canon Capel Cure, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne dined with the Queen. The Rev. Canon Capel Cure had the honour of being invited. Mrs. Colin Keppel and Miss Keppel had the honour of being received by her Majesty after dinner.

Princess Alix, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, arrived at Buckingham Palace on the 12th, from Darmstadt. Colonel the Hon. W. Carington, Equerry to the Queen, attended the Princess from Flushing to London, and subsequently to Waterloo Station, whence she proceeded by South-Western train to Portsmouth, en route for Osborne, on a visit to her Majesty. Sir J. Cowell met the Princess at Portsmouth and attended her to Osborne.

Lord Churchill has been appointed Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty, in the room of the Earl of Hopetoun.

Rapid preparations are being made at Wrexham for the reception of the Queen on the 24th.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, accompanied by their two daughters Princesses Victoria and Maud, at a garden party held in the grounds of Northwood House Park, Cowes, on Aug. 10, in aid of the organ and vestry fund of Holy Trinity Church, West Cowes. Among the company were Prince and Princess Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, Lady and Miss Blanche Colville of Culross, the Hon. George Colville, Lady Dorchester, Count and Countess Pontalei and daughter, Earl of Clancarty, Sir John and Lady Burgoyne, Earl of Cromartie, Sir Oscar Clayton, Sir Allan Young, Duchess of Leinster, Lord Algernon Lennox, Lady Henry Lennox, Captain Hon. E. Dawson, Lady Blanche Stanhope, Lady Fanny Stanhope, and Hon. Mrs. Stanhope. On the 12th the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House from Cowes. Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife dined with their Royal Highnesses. Mr. Van der Weyde has had the honour of submitting to the Prince and Princess two portraits of their Royal Highnesses painted by him. The Prince and Princess, Princesses Victoria and Maud, Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife), and the Duke of Fife attended the Savoy Theatre in the evening. The Prince left London for Homburg on the 13th. The Princess and her daughters will join the family gathering at Fredensborg Castle about the 26th inst.—Prince Albert Victor arrived at Aberdeen on the 10th, and proceeded up Deeside to Glenmuick, the residence of Mr. J. T. Mackenzie.—Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife left town for Mar Lodge on the 13th.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived in Berlin on the 10th, travelling incognito, and, accompanied by Mr. Milbanke, the British Chargé d'Affaires at Coburg, continued their journey to the latter place, where their Royal Highnesses will make some stay.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

We gave last week a precise description of the plan of this great undertaking, with two Sketches of the progress of the works: one a view of the operations for constructing the tidal locks at Eastham, on the Cheshire shore of the estuary of the Mersey; and the other taken at Latchford, above Warrington, where a large dock is being constructed for the traffic of that town and district, and the first set of locks and sluices, at Latchford, will raise the level of the Canal water 16 ft. 6 in. above the sea. The Canal will be further raised, by the locks at Irlam, at Burton-upon-Irwell, and below Manchester, till its water is 60 ft. 6 in. above the sea-level. For three miles and a half nearest to Manchester the surface width of the Canal will be 260 ft., and its bottom width 120 ft. The site of the Manchester Docks is on both banks of the river Irwell, the right bank of which belongs to the adjacent town of Salford. It lies between Ordsal Hall-lane, on the Salford side, near the racecourse, and Hulme Hall-road, near Chester-road, in the western suburbs of Manchester, including part of the district called Cornbrook, with the old Pomona Gardens, where a vast dancing-hall formerly stood, and was occasionally used for great political meetings. The ground there has been excavated, and now displays the timber-framed pits for the dock walls, more than 30 ft. deep, which are being filled in with solid concrete by a mixing-machine that does its 200 cubic yards for every ten hours. As the walls are completed the docks are to be dug between them. On the north, or Salford, bank opposite a moderate-sized dock is also to be placed.

On the south or Manchester bank, the Bridgewater Canal, the Altrincham Railway, and the Cheshire Lines route to Liverpool keep pretty close together, and near the river Irwell till it bends from a south-westerly to a north-westerly direction at Old Trafford. But at Old Trafford, which is near the Botanic Gardens and the site of the late Manchester Exhibition, the Ship Canal parts company with the line of the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, and with the Cheshire Lines and the Altrincham, Bowdon, and South Junction Railway. It turns north-west, following here the course of the river Irwell towards Eccles, Barton, and Patricroft, but will again re-enter Cheshire by a returning curve to the south-west, at the junction of the Irwell with the Mersey.

It is at the Old Trafford bend that the Ship Canal is of greatest width; and here, on the north-east bank of the river—nearly opposite Trafford Park, which lies to the south—the great Salford docks are being made. Begun much earlier than those of Manchester, they are in a very forward state. They occupy the greater part of a large triangular open space which lies between the racecourse and the river. Of the three docks here formed parallel, the most northerly, which is also the largest (and the first coming from seaward), is 1550 ft. long, with an entrance width of 225 ft., enlarging to 275 ft. The depth of water throughout is to be that of the entire canal, 26 ft. The material excavated has been largely used to fill up the quays to the required height, which is 8 ft. above the water and at the level of ships' decks. The total area of these three docks and other water space adjacent exceeds 100 acres; the quay space makes 150 acres more. The solid concrete wall was commenced here last summer, and, like the other dock walls on the canal, is to be coped with granite. The canal excavation on the southern side of the Irwell, outside and past the docks, is also progressing. A well-known landmark, the old weir and lock at Throstlenest, has been removed. A little west of the racecourse, before reaching the Salford Sewage Works at Mode Wheel, the Trafford locks are being built, just south of Salford Cemetery. The whole of the canal banks or walls, from the beginning as far as these locks, are to form continuous quays, with above five miles of frontage. This is one of the places where it was necessary to work both night and day, that the lock-building might begin with summer weather. The river course near here had to be diverted for about 500 yards of its length. The matter dug out is mainly gravel and clay. Outside the Trafford locks the canal level is lowered 16 ft., and near Eccles comes a severe cutting through solid rock, the stone from which helps in building a long boundary wall for Trafford Park.

Sir E. J. Harland (Conservative) has been returned unopposed for North Belfast, in the room of Sir W. Ewart, M.P., deceased.

Grouse-shooting began under favourable auspices in Scotland, and on the Cumberland fells and Yorkshire moors, where the weather was, on the whole, very favourable. In North Wales the conditions were rather less propitious, but excellent sport seems to have been obtained everywhere. From the Royal moors of Balmoral and Abergeldie boxes of grouse were forwarded to the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

The Royal Yacht Squadron's race at Cowes, on Aug. 6, for her Majesty's Cup was won by the schooner Cetonia. The Prince of Wales's schooner Aline was one of the competitors,

but was disabled early in the race. On the second day the race was for two classes, the Yarana winning the prize for cutters and the Foxglove (yaw) the second. In the match next day for the Cowes Town prizes, Mr. V. Bagot's cutter Mohawk took the first prize, and Mr. W. B. Bagot's yawl Foxglove the second. The match for the squadron prizes on the 9th secured seventeen entries; Colonel MacGregor's schooner Amphitrite obtaining the first prize, Mr. T. B. C. West's yawl Wendar the second, and Mr. H. L. Langrishe's cutter Samena the third.—The opening match of the Royal Victoria Yacht

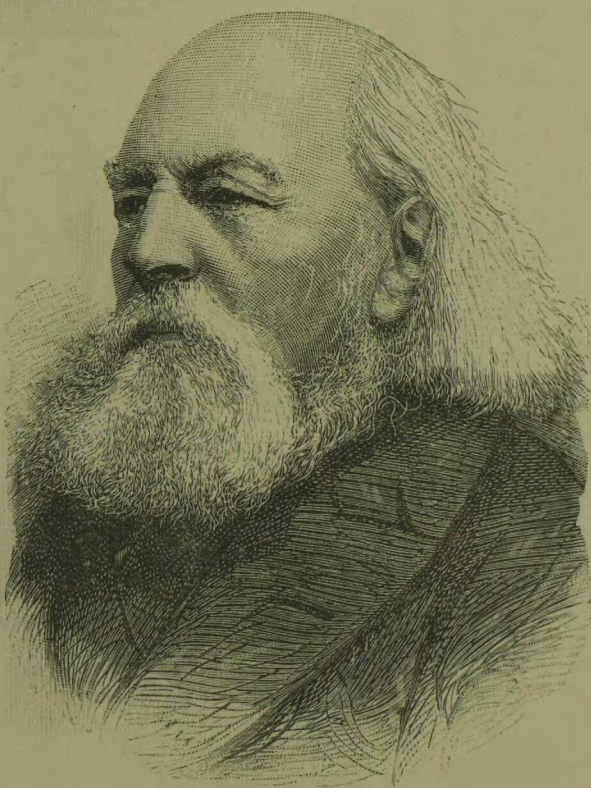


THE GERMAN EMPEROR, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT BY MR. J. T. CUMMING.

Club's Regatta was sailed on the 13th at Ryde; the first prize being won by Captain Nottage's Deerhound, the second by Captain Bainbridge's Moira, and the third by Mr. West's Wendur.—The Royal Southampton Yacht Club Regatta was wound up by the gallant old Irex beating both Yarana and Valkyrie for the Flat Prize of £100 on the 10th. Valkyrie, however, went ashore.

THE LATE REV. M. J. BERKELEY, F.R.S.

The Rev. Miles Joseph Berkeley, M.A., F.R.S., Rector of Sibbertoft, and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, died on Aug. 7, at Sibbertoft, near Market Harborough, at the advanced age of eighty-six. He was an eminent scientific



THE LATE REV. MILES J. BERKELEY, F.R.S., BOTANIST.

botanist, and was the author of many works on that subject, including "Gleanings of British Algae," "An Introduction to Cryptogamic Flora," "Outlines of British Fungology," and "Hand-Book of British Mosses"; also contributing innumerable papers to scientific and gardening publications. Mr. Berkeley was a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean Societies, an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society of London, a member of the Academy of Sciences of Sweden, and of many other European learned societies.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Albeit a dozen London theatres are still closed, and town is getting emptier and emptier every day, as anyone may judge who will take a stroll through deserted Mayfair and Belgravia, there is abundant recreation left for those luckless ones who "can't get away just yet." Perhaps the best of all pieces on the boards to "drive dull care away" are Mr. F. C. Burnand's ever-welcome and mirth-moving farcical comedy of "Betsy," which nightly fills the Criterion with hearty laughter, so

humorously are the author's droll situations evolved by Mr. William Blakeley and Mr. A. Maltby, Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. H. Standing; and Mr. Lumley's brisk and amusing new legal comedy of "Aunt Jack," which fits Mrs. John Wood at the Court with a quaintly comic part this popular actress fairly revels in, and convulses the audience with irresistible merriment. Nor do Mr. Penley and Mr. Willie Edouin fail, respectively, to amuse their admirers in "Æsop's Fables" at the Strand and "Our Flat" at the Opéra Comique. With these incentives to hilarity, it is possible to linger in town and not be wholly sad. The rustle of fallen leaves reminds Managers that the early autumn season has set in. By the 17th of August the two great Opera-houses will be vying with each other with Promenade Concerts; and Her Majesty's courts public patronage by offering, in addition to a powerful musical programme, an auditorium transformed into a bit of "Old London," the boxes serving as windows. Well, the public should be the gainers by this lively competition.

The Adelphi and the delectation. It is to be hoped that Mr. H. A. Jones has left his didactic vein in writing "The Middleman," a piece of Pottery or-a Pottery piece, for Mr. Willard and Mr. Mackintosh at the Shaftesbury. In "London Day by Day," the new Adelphi drama to which MM. Sims and Pettitt are giving the finishing touches, we are promised a rousing and thrilling modern play, with realistic scenes in and around Leicester-square, worthy the traditions of the Home of Melodrama. Taking the place of Mr. W. Terriss as *jeune premier*, Mr. Alexander temporarily leaves the Lyceum to fill the chivalrous part of the hero, who champions virtue in distress; and, as Miss Mary Rowe is to be the heroine persecuted to the end of the chapter by M. Marius and other adventurers, she will be pretty certain to enlist our sympathies. Bright glimpses of street-life such as won favour in "The Lights of London," will also doubtless be forthcoming in "London Day by Day," the story of which is decidedly powerful. Remaining true to a period in English history which gives him full scope for the rich display of costume and scenery he rejoices in, Mr. Augustus Harris is collaborating with Mr. Henry Hamilton on a new spectacular drama of the time of Charles II. for Drury-Lane. But this new play, which ambitiously illustrates Charles II.'s escape after the battle of Worcester, will not be due till the 21st of September. The principal parts will be entrusted to Miss Emery, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Daere, and Mr. Harry Nicholls. Produced on the scale of splendour which characterised "The Armada," the forthcoming drama of the Cavaliers and Roundheads bids fair to be similarly successful; but, in his attachment to olden times, Mr. Harris should beware of the distaste for "toujours perdrix."

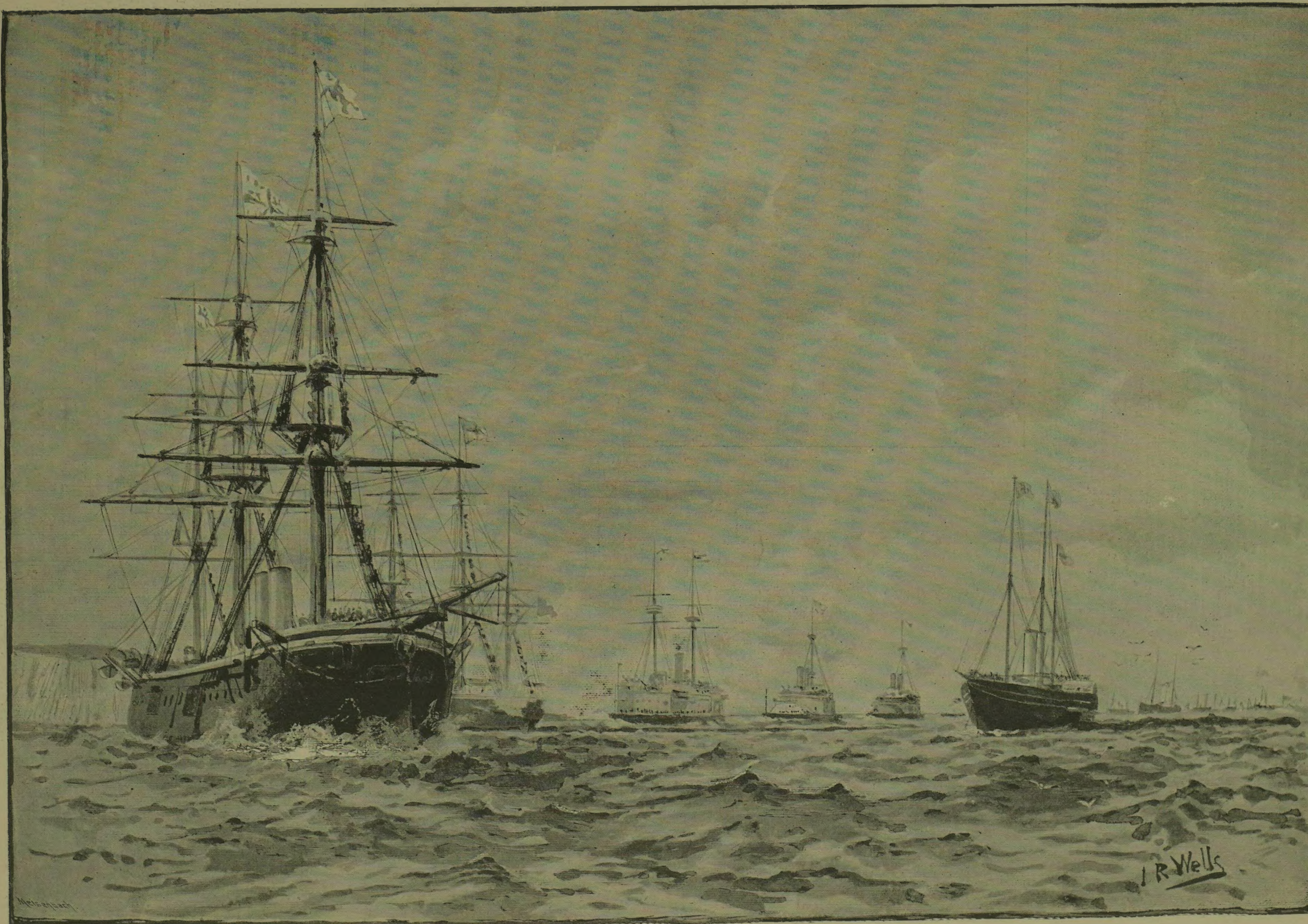
From the acrimonious discussion of that engrossing drama of real life, "The Maybrick Case," which has absorbed the public as much as the Tichborne Trial did, it was a relief to turn on the 12th of August to the exciting melodrama of "Proof," remarkably well cast, and quite worthy a fresh run at the Princess's. This is one of Mr. F. C. Burnand's most successful pieces. Managers seem to say, "When in doubt, play 'Proof'!" Very effectively it is played by Miss Grace Hawthorne's company. As Pierre Lorange, the valiant soldier wrongfully convicted of the murder of his wife, Mr. J. H. Barnes acts with vigour; and is matched by Mr. W. H. Vernon, whose clear and forcible style imparts strength to the character of Lazare, the actual assassin. The striking Porte St. Martin-like situations of Pierre's recognition of his daughter, and the detection of Lazare's villainy at the moment of his seeming triumph by the girl he claims to be his daughter, are done full justice to by the earnest acting of Miss Marie Illington as Adrienne Lorange and Miss Grace Hawthorne as Valentin. With Mr. John Beauchamp, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and Miss Dolores Drummond also in the cast, it may be imagined that "Proof" goes exceedingly well at the Princess's.

The deaths registered in London in the week ending Aug. 10 numbered 1365, being 290 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the National Artillery Association opened at Shoeburyness on Aug. 10, and the first general parade for church and inspection, by Colonel Nicholson, the commandant of Shoeburyness, was held in a thunderstorm and heavy rain. The Volunteers in camp include detachments from Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Forfarshire, Carnarvon, Liverpool, Northumberland, Durham, and from all parts of Yorkshire.



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.—WORKS OF THE MANCHESTER DOCKS IN PROGRESS: VIEW NEAR THROSTLENEST, ON THE IRWELL.



BRITISH SHIPS (THE A SQUADRON) SALUTING THE ROYAL YACHT OSBORNE, WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

The Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart., third Earl of Zetland, Baron Dundas, of Aske, near Richmond, in the county of York, who has succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was born at Stirling on Aug. 16, 1844, son of Mr. John Charles Dundas, of Woodhall, Wetherby, Yorkshire, M.P. for Richmond, who was fourth son of Lawrence, the second Baron Dundas and first Earl of Zetland. The Barony was created in 1794, and the Earldom in 1838. There are four branches of the ancient Scottish family of Dundas, some members of which have held high public offices in Scotland and in the United Kingdom. The branch distinguished as Dundas of Fingask had an hereditary connection with the Orkney and Shetland (or Zetland) Isles, usually holding the offices of Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral in those islands. Their estates in Yorkshire accrued from the marriage of Sir Thomas Dundas, in 1764, to a daughter of the third Earl Fitzwilliam, and this gentleman was raised to the Peerage thirty years afterwards. Mr. J. C. Dundas, father of the present Earl of Zetland, married, in 1843, a daughter of Mr. James Talbot, of Wexford, so the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is son of an Irish lady. In 1873, on the death of his uncle Thomas, second Earl of Zetland, the well-known Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, and renowned as a sportsman, the present Earl succeeded, two other uncles having died young. Lord Zetland, who held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, had married, in 1871, Lady Lilian Lumley, third daughter of the late Earl of Scarborough, and he has several children. Her Ladyship's sisters are married to the heirs of the Duke of

Westminster, the Earl of Bradford, and of Lord Bolton. Lord Zetland has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. He resides at Aske Hall, Richmond, and at Kersé House, near Falkirk, in Scotland.

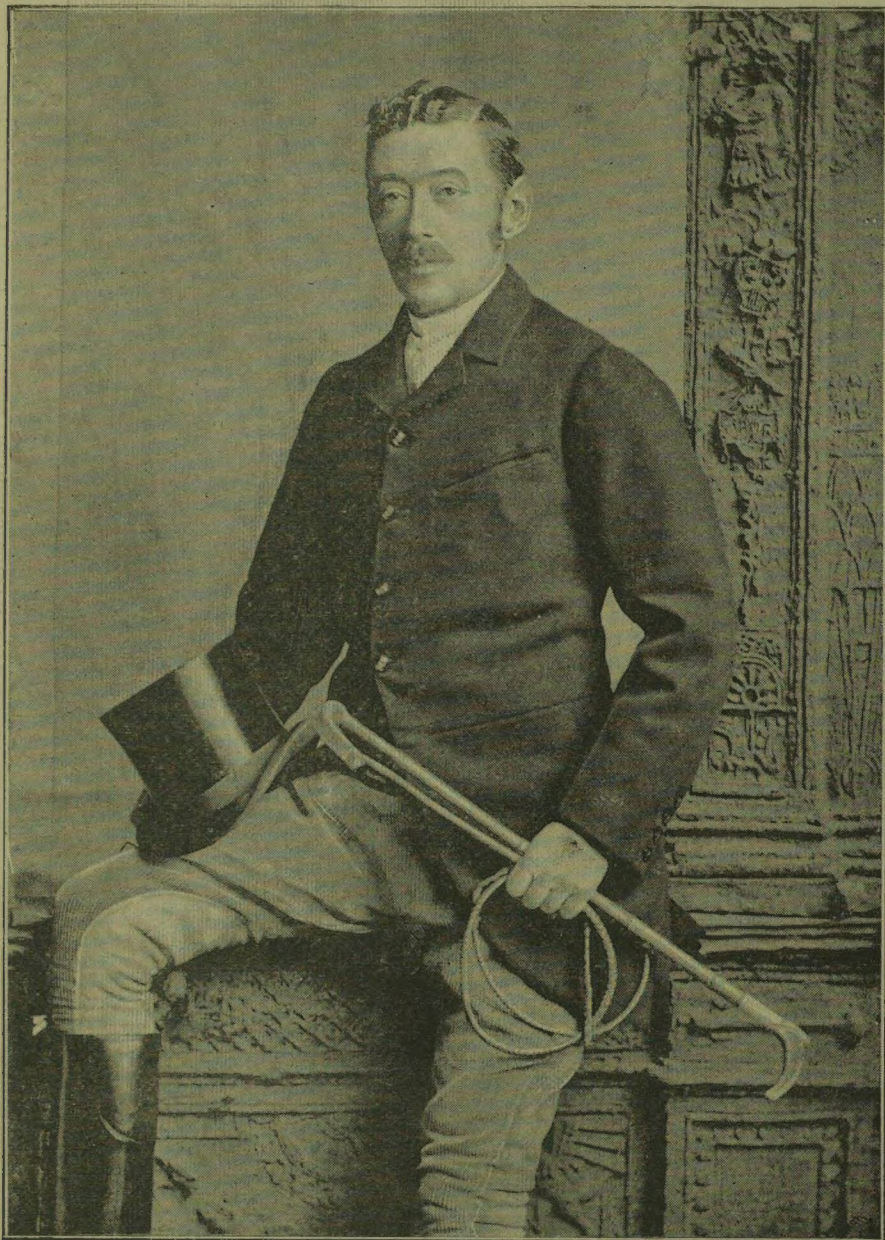
The Portraits of the Earl and Countess of Zetland are from photographs by Mr. Lafayette, 30, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

On Tuesday, Aug. 6, the day after the grand naval review at Spithead, the greater part of the British ships of war assembled there had been officially divided into two independent fleets or Squadrons: the A Squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., with Rear-Admiral Tracey second in command; and the B Squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral Baird, with Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Irvine as his second. Both left Spithead and sailed down the Channel. Passing out of the straits by the eastern channel, and coming round the Isle of Wight, they were viewed by the German Emperor, on board the Royal yacht Osborne, and by the Prince of Wales, on board the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, which vessels, with the Fire Queen, the yacht of the Port Admiral, were at anchor in Sandown Bay. The ships of both squadrons, in passing each of the yachts bearing, respectively, the German Imperial standard and that of the Prince of Wales, fired a Royal salute. They proceeded westward; the A Squadron anchoring next day in Portland Roads, where it was delayed by the accidental disabling of the engines of H.M.S. Hercules, the flag-ship of Sir George Tryon, who therefore transferred his flag to the Black Prince; while Admiral Baird's squadron had anchored in

Poole Bay, and next day went on to lie off Teignmouth. The damage to the engines of the Hercules being repaired, Sir George Tryon again hoisted his flag on board that ship, and conducted his squadron down the British Channel, and up St. George's Channel to Milford Haven, arriving there on Sunday morning, Aug. 11. The B Squadron went on round the south and west coasts of Ireland to Achill, on the coast of the remote county of Mayo, where it was to begin operations of feigned hostility against Great Britain. The defence of the British shores and of British mercantile shipping was entrusted to the A Squadron; and this mimic naval warfare, opening formally on Tuesday, Aug. 13, will probably be as interesting and instructive as the operations of a similar kind last year. Our Special Artists, Mr. J. R. Wells on board H.M.S. Hercules with the A Squadron, and Mr. W. H. Overend on board H.M.S. Northumberland, the flag-ship of Admiral Baird, commanding the B Squadron, will not fail to supply this Journal with Sketches of their movements, which are likely to occupy the best part of two or three weeks.

In our further accounts of these manœuvres, as the forces at the disposal of the attack, and similarly those of the defence, may be divided into smaller squadrons, the Admiral's second in command being detached for separate service at different points contributing to the general plan devised on each side, it will be convenient to speak of them as two Fleets. The reader will understand all the ships under the control of Admiral Baird as forming the hostile Attacking Fleet, the headquarters of which are at Achill, on the Atlantic coast of Ireland; while the whole of Sir George Tryon's force, having its headquarters at Milford Haven, on the coast of Wales, but including squadrons at Lamlash Bay, Isle of Arran, near the entrance to the Firth



THE EARL OF ZETLAND.



THE COUNTESS OF ZETLAND.

of Clyde, and in the British Channel, and those guarding the Downs, the eastern shores of England and Scotland, Hull, the Tyne, and Leith, may be called the Defending Fleet. We must now describe the composition of these opposing naval forces.

The Attacking Fleet, which has much the easier game to play, has little more than one-third the strength of the Defending Fleet. It numbers but twenty-nine vessels, all told, while there are eighty-three in the Defending Fleet, of which twenty-four are armoured ships. The following is a list of the Attacking Fleet: H.M.S. Northumberland, the flag-ship of Admiral Baird, commanded by Captain S. C. Darwin; H.M.S. Anson, Captain B. F. Clark; H.M.S. Collingwood, Captain Harris; H.M.S. Camperdown, Captain R. D. King; H.M.S. Inflexible, Captain C. P. Fitzgerald; H.M.S. Devastation, Captain Vandermulen (all first-class battle-ships); H.M.S. Monarch, Captain Singleton; H.M.S. Iron Duke, Captain R. M. Lloyd; and H.M.S. Hero, Captain Fellowes, C.B. (second-class battle-ships); two first-class cruisers, armour-belted—namely, the Australia, Captain H. H. Boys, and the Immortalité, Captain R. H. Hamond; the Hecla, torpedo dépôt-ship, Captain E. J. P. Gallwey; the Mersey, second-class cruiser, Captain H. Rose; and four other cruisers—the Arethusa, Captain Boyes; the Iris, Captain Boardman, C.B.; the Magicienne, Captain J. R. Pipon; and the Calypso, Captain Count Metaxa; the Nymph, sloop-of-war; the Curlew, first-class gun-vessel; the Grasshopper and Rattlesnake, first-class torpedo gun-boats; and eight torpedo-boats, one of which, No. 79, is commanded by Prince George of Wales.

The Defending Fleet, exclusive of Admiral Tracey's squadron off the entrance to the Firth of Clyde, and of the squadrons at Plymouth, at the Downs and Sheerness, at Hull, and at Leith, consists of the following ships: H.M.S. Hercules, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir George Tryon, at Milford Haven, commanded by Captain C. E. Buckle; the first-class battle-ships H.M.S. Rodney, Captain A. K. Wilson, V.C., C.B.; Neptune, Captain J. F. Grant; Howe, Captain Domville, A.D.C.; and Ajax, Captain R. H. Boyle; the second-class

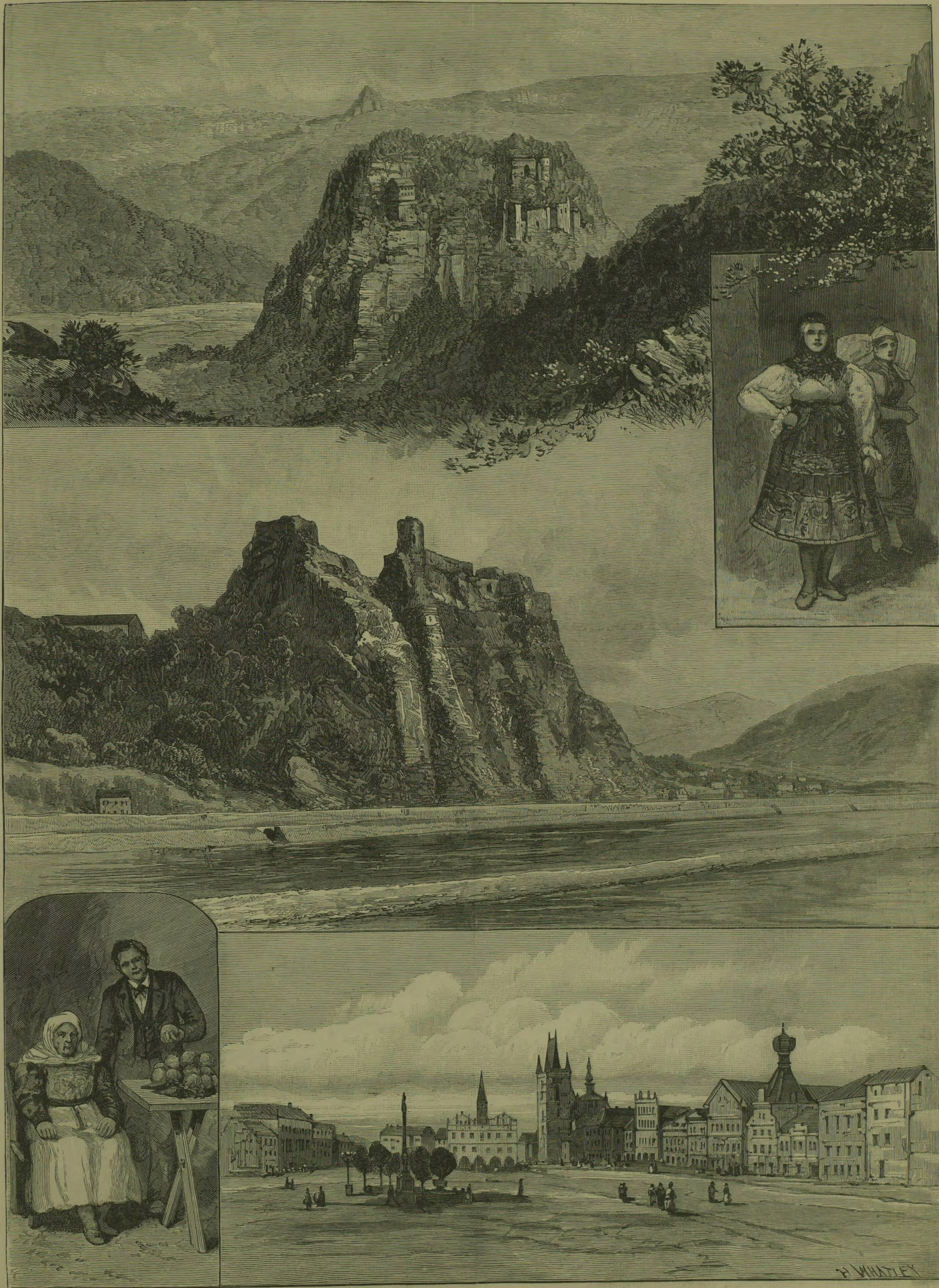
battle-ships Conqueror, Captain H. F. Cleveland; Invincible, Captain A. T. Brooke, C.B.; and Rupert, Captain H. M. Theobald; the Black Prince, a third-class battle-ship, Captain A. P. M. Lake; the first-class armoured cruisers Warspite, Captain H. M. Rawson, C.B.; Northampton, Captain A. P. Hastings, C.B.; and Shannon, Captain Dupuis; the belted first-class cruisers Undaunted, Captain Dunlop; Narcissus, Captain Noel; Galatea, Captain Paget; and Aurora, Captain T. S. Jackson; the second-class cruisers Thames, Forth, Mercury, Medea, Melpomene, Marathon, Serpent, and Mohawk; three first-class torpedo gun-boats—the Sharpshooter, the Sandfly, and the Spider; and ten torpedo-boats.

The squadron of Admiral Tracey at Lamlash Bay, watching the enemy on the north coast of Ireland and guarding the approach to the western shores of Scotland and to the northern entrance of the Irish Sea, consists of H.M.S. Hotspur and H.M.S. Belleisle, second-class battle-ships, Captains Boyse and Hon. H. R. Hare; the armoured coast-defence ships Gorgon, Cyclops, and Hecate; the special-service boat Harty; the Plover, first-class gun-boat; and four torpedo-boats.

At Plymouth is a squadron consisting of the Inconstant, second-class cruiser, Captain J. B. Warren; the Raccoon, cruiser, Hon. E. T. Needham; the armoured coast-defence ship Prince Albert; and six torpedo-boats. The upper end of the Channel and the Downs are guarded by the Glatton and Hydra, armoured coast-defence ships; the Volage, cruiser; the gun-boats Trent, Slaney, and Medway; and six torpedo-boats. Vice-Admiral T. B. Lethbridge, commanding at Sheerness and the Nore, has control of all the forces between Cromer and Dover. The Hull defensive squadron comprises two cruisers, the Ruby and the Tartar, of the third class; the gun-boat Medina, two torpedo-boats, and a tender. This and the Leith squadron are commanded by Commodore Markham, on board the Active cruiser, and with him are the cruiser Medusa, Captain E. H. M. Davis; four gun-boats—the Pigmy, Watchful, Spey, and Tees; and two torpedo-boats.

Our readers have already been made familiar with the broad principles of the proposed manœuvres. In the words of the Admiralty official instructions, "A strong maritime Power, with whom hostilities are considered to be imminent, prepares a Fleet in two of its principal naval ports. A British force of superior strength is stationed in what are considered to be the most suitable strategical positions for masking the enemy's ports, in which their forces are assembled, and, in addition, small squadrons are placed in the most suitable positions on the coast for the purpose of patrolling and affording protection against the attack of cruisers. The Admiral in command of the British Fleet is, on war being declared, left an entirely free hand with regard to (1) the disposal of the force under his orders, which is to be utilised according to the best of his judgment for the attack on the Fleet of the enemy or any part of his forces should they leave their fortified ports; (2) the protection of the coasts of Great Britain; (3) the protection of British commerce in the Channel and its vicinity. Ireland is to represent the country of the enemy, Great Britain British territory. When coaling has been completed and the Fleets are in all respects ready, hostilities are to commence, and then both Admirals are left entirely free to carry out their operations in accordance with their views and judgment."

The Jersey Home for Working Lads, 99 and 101, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, has been opened. This is an extension of the institution which, under the name of the Shaftesbury Home, Club, and Institute, was begun in the autumn of last year at No. 162, in the same street. The new establishment is intended to be a home pure and simple, the educational work and the recreations, including a gymnasium, still being carried on in the other building. For a very small charge a considerable number of boys will be received as inmates, and two houses thrown into one appear admirably fitted to form a comfortable and healthy dwelling-place for boys in need of such a provision.



1. The Oybin, a Rock Fortress and Monastery.
4. Peasants of the Budweis District.

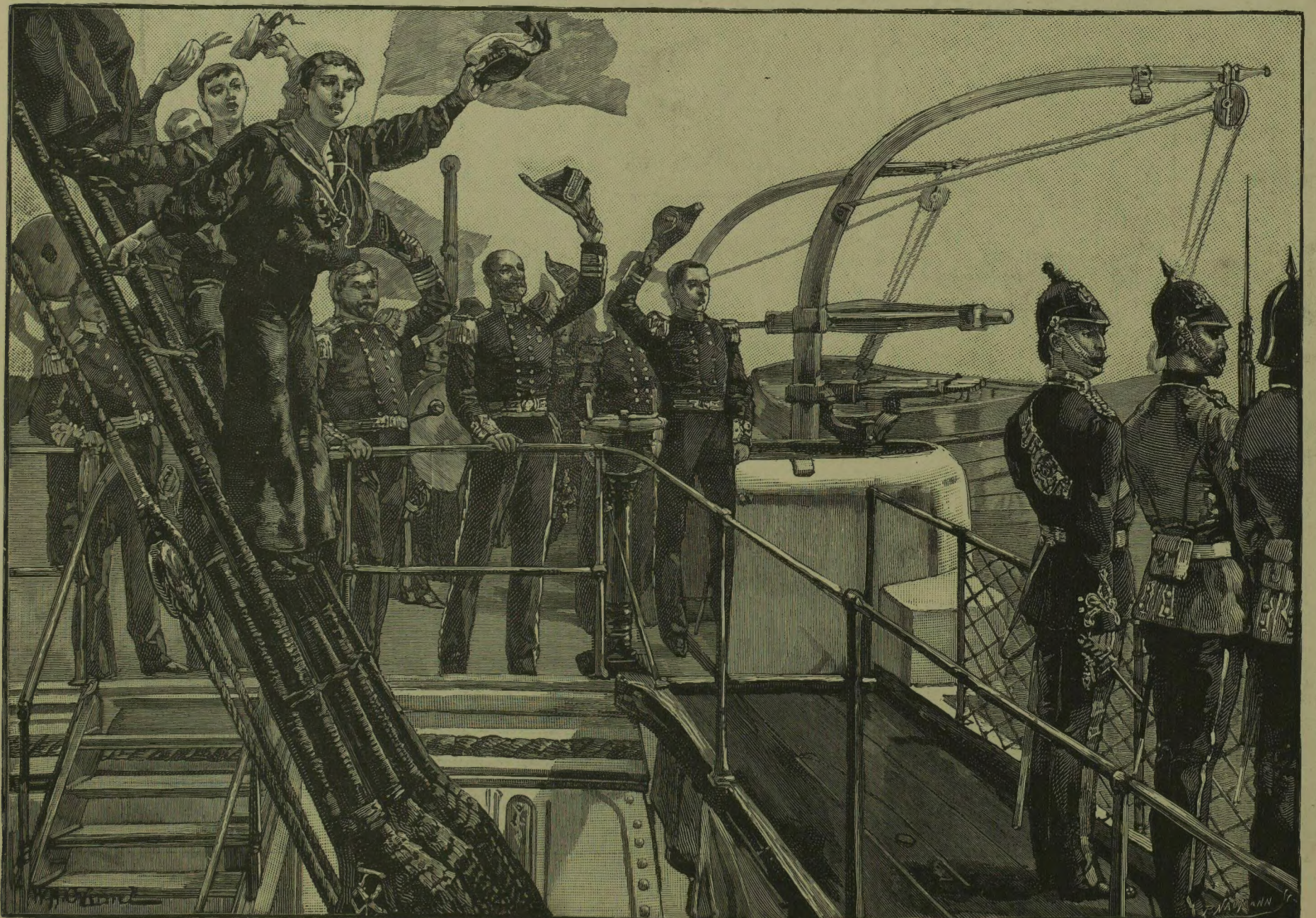
2. Peasant Women from the Districts of Pilsen and Prague.

3. Schreckenstein, the Key Fortress of the Elbe.
5. Leitmeritz; the Square, with the Chalice Tower.

T H E N A V A L M A N Œ U V R E S.



ADMIRAL SIR G. TRYON'S SHIPS (THE A SQUADRON) ANCHORING IN MILFORD HAVEN.



ADMIRAL, OFFICERS, AND CREW OF H.M.S. NORTHUMBERLAND (B SQUADRON) CHEERING THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill;
The sleepy pool, above the dam,
The pool beneath it, never still;

The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door,
Made dusty with the floating meal.—TENNYSON.

NOVELS.

The Search for Basil Lyndhurst. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The title of a story might be expected to denote that part of its main action which is the chief source of sustained interest, and which is developed throughout its whole plot. Basil Lyndhurst, known at first by the adopted name of Fleming, is destined ultimately to win the hand of Olga Leigh. He was lost in his early infancy, when his mother fled from her intolerably bad husband; and his Aunt Catherine, Miss Sefton, accompanied by Miss Leigh, more than twenty years afterwards, goes in search of him to St. Croix, a town on the Normandy or Brittany coast, having heard that his father is dead. But the "search," or rather accidental finding, is so wonderfully quick and easy, and his identity is so readily proved, that this transaction occupies merely a few chapters in the first and second volumes. The ladies are sojourning in a little French countryhouse with a garden, next to which is a rude lodging inhabited by an English gentleman and his charming little boy. They take notice of the child, and nurse him when ill of a fever. Mr. Fleming, though shy and reserved, and evidently poor, accepts their kindness and courtesy. Some writing on the fly-leaf of one of his books, combined with Miss Sefton's previous knowledge, leads to the discovery that he is the missing son of her sister, Mrs. Lyndhurst, and heir to a large estate with a fine old Hall. The French parish priest, Père Lefevre, and the old nurse, Lizette Dupont, who remember Basil's father and Basil himself at four years of age, are still living at St. Croix; and what is more, the Rev. Robert Fleming, a clergyman of Leeds, who took care of Basil when his father died in a French hospital, is an old acquaintance of Miss Sefton. Indeed, there was, in youth, a mutual tender attachment between them, but they have not met or corresponded for many years. Under these circumstances, the restoration of Basil Lyndhurst to his grieving mother, long tormented by remorse for having left her only child, while she was deterred from seeking to learn his fate by her dread of his cruel and vicious father, is speedily confirmed. His position as a wealthy squire, with his mother and aunt living at the Hall, with bright little Reggie to care for, and with such parish neighbours as the Leighs at Fircroft Parsonage, would now promise much felicity, if only he were a young widower, as they had first supposed. But this would have made a trite and insignificant story; no trick of stale fiction-manufacturers has been so cheapened as that of the infant of obscure or disguised parentage turning up as the long-lost heir. Miss Carey, if she has for once descended to the use of such a mechanical device, puts into her tale some highly original fresh ingredients, which are of strong moral interest, appealing to our best affections. Basil is unhappy in having imprudently married a handsome, vulgar, ill-bred, passionate young woman in London, who is addicted to drunkenness; and her vice seems to be hereditary and incurable, unfitting her for the duties of a respectable home, much more for those of the mistress of Brookfield Hall. He has borne patiently with Aline, working steadily to maintain his wife and child, and keeping on friendly terms with her brother, an honest petty shopkeeper, but has endured much pain from associations so irksome to a man of refined taste and culture. The real goodness of Miss Sefton, and not less of her young friend Olga Leigh, in diverting themselves to the task of reclaiming Basil's unfortunate wife, and watching over her temper and habits when she is received as Mrs. Lyndhurst, engages our cordial esteem. Aline, in spite of her one great fault, and of her self-despising sullenness, and her occasional violence, is affectionate, generous, and grateful to these kind friends; but her sudden death from an overdose of chloral, not without suspicion of suicide, terminates the sad situation. Not less touching is the end of another life, that of Olga's sister-in-law Kitty, the wife of the Rev. Hubert Leigh, one of those sweet-souled women, devoted to home duties, meekly and cheerfully serving the needs of a husband and children, whose frail health gives way before middle age, and whose departure is tenderly and reverently mourned. The most deeply interesting passages of the story are those having reference to the characters of Aline, with her tragic fate, and of Kitty, with her peaceful but untimely decease; but there are many lighter and brighter scenes of family intercourse, and some delightful specimens of merriment and innocent childhood. Aunt Catherine is an estimable person, and her eventual union with Mr. Fleming, the benevolent Vicar of St. Mark's, Leeds, the faithful lover of her youth, when both are nearer fifty than forty years of age, is a very satisfactory arrangement. That Mrs. Lyndhurst, after her severe early trials, her long and gloomy bereavement, is happy in finding a good son, and that he, in due time, gains a second wife in Olga, with every prospect of future happiness, will have been anticipated, of course, by the sympathising reader of this tale.

By the Western Sea: A Summer Idyll. By James Baker. One vol. (Longmans.)—Singleness of purpose and a sustained tone of unaffected enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature, and earnest sympathy with the ideal aim of true artists, and of all poetic minds, desiring to interpret Nature in a devotional spirit, are characteristics of this touching story, which has also much human interest as a narrative of surprising adventure. The author's preceding works—a good novel called "John Westcott," a series of poems entitled "Quiet War Scenes," and "Days Afoot," being sketches of various short tours in Central Europe—have recommended him to public favour. In the present instance, his tale has its scenes laid entirely on the shores of that grand inlet of the Atlantic Ocean which is between the coast of North Devon and Cornwall, on the one hand, and the westward promontory of South Wales, on the other; parts of West Britain almost unequalled in their combination of picturesque rock and cliff, and of such inland glens and streams as are found at Lynmouth, with sea-views and cloud-views and sunsets, beyond the imagination of people who know only the east and south coasts of England. A party of ladies and gentlemen, most of them landscape-painters or students of that delightful art, with whom are Mr. Fairburn, an eminent musician, and his wife, are staying in the hotel at Lynmouth. Among them is Mr. Lovatt, an artist of rare genius, inspired with a pure and lofty conception of the mission of Art, but averse to the self-advertising practices of some members of his profession, and unwilling to seek notoriety at the London Exhibitions. He is a lonely, friendless, sad-hearted man, whose life has been spoilt by the bitter consciousness of his personal deformity, being converted into a hunchbacked dwarf by some bodily injuries from a fall off the rigging on board ship when he was a sailor, in his earlier years. It may seem to us questionable whether any injury having such a grievous permanent effect would be compatible with his continued possession of uncommon strength and agility, or with the feats of skill in rowing boats and swimming by which he saves more than one life in that perilous sea. A hero capable of such exploits, being also endowed with high artistic talent, and with a very noble spirit, ought not to despond in his secret attachment to such a girl as Winifred Faussett, the daughter of a London merchant, not rich, and intending herself to be a

professional artist. This morbid feeling, on his part, however, in spite of her willing discipleship and the frank simplicity of her maidenly trust in his wisdom, is so aggravated by his causeless jealousy of a supposed rival, the egotistic and presumptuous Brunskill, as to drive poor Lovatt into forlorn solitude at St. David's, on the opposite Welsh coast. There he is still working at sublime marine pictures, during the next summer, while he has not heard anything more of the object of his undeclared and hopeless love. But one day there, on the cliff of Ramsay Island, when the flood tide, with a high sea raised by a south-westerly gale, poured a current of terrific force into a rocky channel, threatening instant destruction to any hapless vessel, Lovatt saw a little boat helplessly drifting towards the fatal point; and its nearer approach showed a female figure in the boat. Rushing down to summon the crew of his own boat, and putting out to sea with the utmost fortitude and labour, he rescues this person from the imminent danger of death. She proves to be a young lady, no other than Winifred Faussett, whose family are staying again this second summer at Lynmouth, and who, by the carelessness of her boy brother, with some rashness on her own part, has been carried away by "the western sea" and driven by the returning tide in the direction of St. David's Head. It need scarcely be stated here that she and the brave hunchback artist, who have already exchanged intellectual confidences on the subjects of Nature, Art, and Poetry, presently become a happy pair of lovers, and that the rest of their united lives is passed in sweet conjugal communion. So much for the romantic interest of this pleasing tale. It has other merits in the vivid descriptions of Lynmouth scenery: the Watersmeet Glen, with its cascades and woodlands, the seaward views, the gorgeous sunsets over that majestic ocean, the rocks and cliffs of the Welsh promontory—all the natural glories of that region, unsurpassed by any coast scenery in some of its features, at least in colouring and in the magic of its atmosphere. Yet, of the admirers of Nature, comparatively few choose to visit the most beautiful shores of our native island, which has probably more natural beauties than any other country in Europe.

A Window in Thrums. By J. M. Barrie. One vol. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—This apparently enigmatic title may provoke some to disregard a book enriched with the raciest samples of rustic Scottish humour, and with touches of genuine human feeling, which cannot fail to please those who are not averse to the quaint dialect of the country. "Thrums" is the name of a village mostly inhabited by handloom weavers many years ago, when the supposed narrator, a "dominie" or parish schoolmaster, lodged in the cottage of Hendry, and his invalid crippled wife Jess, and their daughter Leebie, and when the two homely women used to look out of their "window," and to watch the doings of all their neighbours. Mr. Barrie is the author of "Auld Licht Idylls," a similar volume of humorous sketches of old-fashioned local and personal curiosities of Scottish character, more especially with reference to disputed affairs of the Kirk; and of another clever story, "When a Man's Single," describing the social experiences of a young journalist who has exchanged country for city life. The readers of "Auld Licht Idylls" will already be acquainted with the village of Thrums, and will certainly welcome these further revelations of its peculiar customs, whims, and oddities, which are not the less irresistibly amusing for being related in a gravely sympathetic tone, instead of that of manifest derision. It would be hard, indeed, to employ mere ridicule in portraying the manners of a community which presented such true examples of domestic virtue and sincere piety as some of those here introduced; and poor Jess, with her lifelong confinement to the house, is so good a woman at heart, so faithful as a wife and mother and humble Christian, that she must be pardoned for seeking harmless diversion in learning all she can of other folk's affairs. Feminine habits are shrewdly noted and frankly exhibited by the author; and he is particularly successful in his gentle exposure of petty rivalries and jealousies between the wives and families of the lower middle class in a semi-rural neighbourhood concerning their respective pretensions to a small degree of gentility, shown in the comparison of their household furniture and Sunday dress. Their talk with each other upon themes of this kind, and their strictness in exacting proper observances at tea-drinking visits, meetings at the kirk or market, and funeral or other solemn ceremonies, give a pungent flavour to the intercourse of the worthy Scottish matrons and demure old maids. But some of the men, with their national proneness to argumentative controversy and to the show of learning, make an equal figure in the droll confabulations reported by Mr. Barrie; and there is plenty of lively emulation in Thrums society, over and above the needful labours and cares of daily work to earn their daily bread. "The short and simple annals of the poor," although Scotch thrift, frugality, and industry maintain a tolerable standard of homely comfort, are never unworthy of study. They are mingled with some insight into the domestic refinement and elegance of the Manse; with the pleasant speculative schemes of that rare genius Tammas Haggart; and with love-makings or sweetheartings, matrimonial engagements, and other serious experiences; the saddest of which is Jamie's coming home from London and finding his father, mother, and sister all dead. So wide and free is the play of sympathy, and in these instances so deep and true, in this artless mixture of grave and gay reminiscences of old country life in Scotland, that its changing moods present a variety of interests within a small compass, while preserving the original style of narrative by an eyewitness resident in Thrums.

A Strange Message. By Dora Russell. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The office of serious literary criticism may in some instances be waived in favour of an exceptional work of fiction which unintentionally furnishes that desirable commodity, the extravagant burlesque, with fresh provocatives of laughter. If the authoress of this romantic novel would allow it to be dramatised for any theatrical stage where screaming fun is to be supplied with a large admixture of the horrible and shocking, based on an ideal exhibition of the imbecility of mankind in general, there could be no doubt of its success. The stories of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and "In a Wrong Box" are scarcely more diverting to a ravenous fancy that delights to feed on the most grotesque conceptions of personal embarrassment and social confusion arising from a disputed identity, or from that grim joke, the puzzling resemblance of somebody who is dead to somebody living, which converts the gloom of a recent funeral into the reckless mirth of a farce. But as the strongest effects of imaginative genius are sometimes produced unconsciously, there is no token of a humorous purpose in this fantastic narrative of Mr. James Biddulph's unhappy incapacity to distinguish between the woman he had imprudently married, Natalie Beranger, whom he wishes to get rid of in order to marry Miss Nora Stewart, and Natalie's twin sister Josephine, of whose existence he had never before heard. After having seen the woman die whom he supposed to be his lawful but disagreeable and disreputable wife, and having laid her in

the grave, it is hard upon him that another woman, exactly like her, even to the moles on her cheek and arm, should come to his place on the eve of his appointed second wedding, and claim to be bought off with £5000 or £10,000 ransom. It is particularly inconvenient for Miss Stewart, to whom he has frankly told his dismal story, which has, indeed, become pretty well known to their neighbours, gaining additional notoriety from the false suspicion that Mr. Biddulph himself fired the rifle-shot by which his obnoxious first wife, as all then believed, was killed the other day in a lonely glen where she went to meet him. The inquest, however, showed no evidence against him, and it was soon proved that the murderous shot was fired at Mr. Biddulph himself by a malignant young rival, Mr. Malcolm Fraser of Airdlenn, and hit the strange woman by accidentally glancing aside from a rock. Miss Stewart, cousin to Malcolm Fraser, does not hesitate to prepare for marriage with James Biddulph directly afterwards. She is an independent young lady, mistress of a large fortune with the Highland mansion of Rossmore; and he is also wealthy, residing on the opposite shore of the loch. They are both equally impatient and anxious to satisfy their own consciences and the world's opinion with the certainty of his being free to marry again; while they are not disposed to lose any time in gratifying their mutual inclination on account of the recent unpleasant disclosures. It is not worth while to discuss the propriety of their conduct with reference to the habits and motives of real men and women, to whom they bear, as the persons in an extravaganza, merely a nominal and figurative relation. For we lose all touch of practical rules of behaviour in the atmosphere of burlesque, which is raised to an overpowering degree by James Biddulph's absurd situation, when, having repeatedly conversed with each of the two sisters, one being his wife and the other not his wife, he does not at all know "which is which." He is now almost persuaded to acknowledge the survivor as Natalie, now half convinced that she is an impostor; going to the length of digging up the corpse, and vainly inspecting its face in comparison with that of the living woman who stands beside the opened coffin. Though this ghastly scene would be impossible, the suggestion of resorting to such an expedient is still so wildly ludicrous, and the effect of its representation on the stage would be so farcical, as to determine the whole complexion of the story from that appropriate point of view. The game in which Mr. Biddulph's freedom to espouse a more amiable lady is at stake comes presently to an end, by no solution, indeed, of the vexed problem of personal identity, but not less conclusively by the sudden and violent death of the troublesome remaining sister; be she Natalie or Josephine, there is a villainous Frenchman at hand to knock her on the head with a poker in her room at the village inn. This happy dispatch of the one twin-sister, not very long after the seasonable shooting of the other, finally removes all obstacles to the matrimonial felicity of the high-minded pair of lovers. An interlude has been afforded by James Biddulph's aimless travels in America, where he again encounters the murderous young Highlander, evades repeated attempts to assassinate him, and rolls over a precipice in the grasp of Malcolm Fraser, who has soon to die of injury to his spine. The courage and generosity of Biddulph are so held up to admiration that it might seem a pity he had no common sense to defend his rights as a widower, and his second marriage, against one, two, three, or any number of female cheats and impostors who might be successive pretenders to keep him in legal bondage, appearing at short intervals throughout his bewildered life.

BOTANICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The current number of the *Bulletin*, issued by the Royal Gardens, Kew, is occupied with a list of works on the systematic, economic, and geographical botany of the British Empire, its possessions, dependencies, and protectorates. It is not a complete bibliography of the subject, but a selection has been made of the most useful books and memoirs in each case. More space, relatively, is given to remote and little-known regions, because the published accounts of their vegetation are often in serials only obtainable in large libraries. The list, which occupies nearly forty pages, opens with elementary, introductory, and general works, which are followed by books on the botany of the British Islands, of the Channel Islands and the Mediterranean, of continental tropical Africa, South Africa, and the African Islands, of Aden, Socotra, Perim, and the Red Sea coast; and so on, in a kind of geographical order through the whole Empire, in which, for botanical purposes, we observe Port Hamilton is included, in virtue of a small botanical collection made there in 1859.

The Mayor of Cardiff was on Aug. 9 called upon for a second time to make a presentation to Captain Murrell, master of the steam-ship *Missouri*, in recognition of his kindness to the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the *Danmark* on April 6 last. The recipient wore his naval uniform, decorated with five gold medals. The new presentation consisted of another gold medal from the Norwegian Government.

The committee of management of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, Sailors' Home Chambers, London, E., have voted the issue for the society's funds of £1023, in special grants of extra relief to the distressed widows and orphans of poor fishermen and mariners. These grants represent the society's usual half-yearly awards of such charitable aid, embracing on the present occasion 371 widows, with, in all, 483 orphans. At the same meeting the election of Lord George Hamilton, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, as a Vice-President of the Society, and of Sir George Baden-Powell as a member of the committee of management, was duly recorded. Among various exceptional recent donations made in the society's behalf is that of £210 from the Corporation of the City of London.

The annual prize meeting of the London Rifle Brigade was concluded at Rainham on Aug. 7, in fine weather, and prizes amounting to over £700 have been awarded. The principal contest was for the Gold Medal and Championship, which was won, after an exciting struggle, by Private Luff, with an aggregate of 253 points, made in two "shoots" under the Queen's first stage, and one under third stage, conditions. Private Luff also won the Brigade Prize of £15 and the Grand Aggregate Challenge Cup.—On the same day the twenty-ninth annual prize meeting of the Essex County Rifle Association concluded at Middlewick, Colchester. The principal contest was for the Bronze Medal and Championship of the County, which was won by Corporal Rippon, 2nd V. B. Essex. Corporal Rippon also won the first prize of £4 given by the association.—The first encampment of the home counties Volunteer Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Lord Vantage, V.C., concluded on Aug. 10, when the battalions were conveyed in special trains from the temporary station at Churn, close to the site of the encampment. The battalions, which have passed a week under canvas on the Berkshire Downs, consisted of the 1st Berkshire, 2nd Oxfordshire, 1st Bucks, 1st and 3rd Bedfordshire, Eton College Corps, and a provisional battalion composed of cadets from Haileybury, Bradfield, Bedford, and Sherborne Schools.



SKETCHES AT A VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW.

The parochial system of the Established Church of England, especially in rural or suburban semi-rural parishes, enables wise and active clergymen, aided by loyal ladies and other lay members of the flock, to organise a variety of pleasant social entertainments which cheer the dull lives of the more laborious folk, refining their taste for the beauties of Nature and for the charms of music, poetry, and art. One of the most beneficial institutions of this kind is the custom of holding annual flower-shows, which began in London and its suburbs about fifteen years ago, and which has been maintained with great success, especially in Kent and Surrey, by the zeal and good management of popular Vicars

and Curates, with the assistance of their wives and daughters, and of owners of gardens, or amateurs of floriculture, willing to impart to their neighbours of the humblest rank, a share in their favourite enjoyment. Where the funds subscribed are large enough for the hire and erection of one or two marquees, on a lawn or in a park or field readily lent for the occasion, with flags and garlands and a brass band to enhance the liveliness of the meeting, it assumes the aspect of a local public festivity, and occupies the leading minds of the community for a month or two before the celebration. Prizes are awarded, by competent judges, for the finest geraniums, fuchsias, and other plants grown in window-pots,

long carefully tended by the inmates of modest cottages; for the finest dishes of fruit; for the choicest gatherings of wild flowers, by the children who have spent their holidays in the fields and woods and hedgerows; and for the prettiest floral decorations of the table by ladies skilled in that pleasing art. We know more than one good clergyman, in or about London, who has studied botany on purpose that he may speak with knowledge, as he does both in his pulpit sermons and in his special address at the flower-show, upon the tokens of God's infinite kindness to his human creatures in adorning the earth with the lovely forms and colours of blossoming vegetation for our innocent delight.

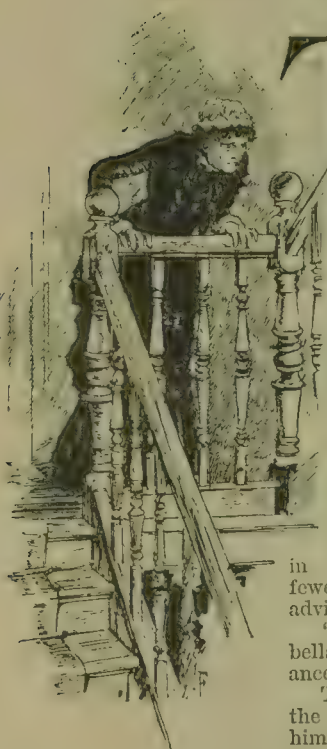
BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER IX.

MR. VIMPANY ON INTOXICATION.



THESE was no unsteadiness in the doctor's walk, and no flush on his face. He certainly did strut when he entered the room; and he held up his head with dignity, when he discovered Mountjoy. But he seemed to preserve his self-control. Was the man sober again already?

His wife approached him with her set smile; the appearance of her lord and master filled Mrs. Vimpany with perfectly assumed emotions of agreeable surprise.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she said. "You seldom favour us with your company, my dear, so early in the evening. Are there fewer patients in want of your advice than usual?"

"You are mistaken, Arabella. I am here in the performance of a painful duty."

The doctor's language, and the doctor's manner, presented him to Iris in a character that was new to her. What effect

had he produced on Mrs. Vimpany? That excellent friend to travellers in distress lowered her eyes to the floor, and modestly preserved silence. Mr. Vimpany proceeded to the performance of his duty; his painful responsibility seemed to strike him at first from a medical point of view.

"If there is a poison which undermines the sources of life," he remarked, "it is alcohol. If there is a vice that degrades humanity, it is intoxication. Mr. Mountjoy, are you aware that I am looking at you?"

"Impossible not to be aware of that," Hugh answered. "May I ask why you are looking at me?" It was not easy to listen gravely to Mr. Vimpany's denunciation of intemperance, after what had taken place at the dinner of that day. Hugh smiled. The moral majesty of the doctor entered its protest.

"This is really shameful," he said. "The least you can do is to take it seriously."

"What is it?" Mountjoy asked. "And why am I to take it seriously?"

Mr. Vimpany's reply was, to say the least, of it, indirect. If such an expression may be permitted, it smelt of the stage. Viewed in connection with Mrs. Vimpany's persistent assumption of silent humility, it suggested to Mountjoy a secret understanding, of some kind, between husband and wife.

"What has become of your conscience, sir?" Mr. Vimpany demanded. "Is that silent monitor dead within you? After giving me a bad dinner, do you demand an explanation? Ha! you shall have it."

Having delivered himself to this effect, he added action to words. Walking grandly to the door, he threw it open, and saluted Mountjoy with an ironical bow. Iris observed that act of insolence; her colour rose, her eyes glittered. "Do you see what he has just done?" she said to Mrs. Vimpany.

The doctor's wife answered softly: "I don't understand it." After a glance at her husband, she took Iris by the hand: "Dear Miss Henley, shall we retire to my room?"

Iris drew her hand away. "Not unless Mr. Mountjoy wishes it," she said.

"Certainly not!" Hugh declared. "Pray remain here; your presence will help me to keep my temper." He stepped up to Mr. Vimpany. "Have you any particular reason for opening that door?" he asked.

The doctor was a rascal; but, to do him justice, he was no coward. "Yes," he said, "I have a reason."

"What is it, if you please?"

"Christian forbearance," Mr. Vimpany answered.

"Forbearance towards me?" Mountjoy continued.

The doctor's dignity suddenly deserted him.

"Aha, my boy, you have got it at last!" he cried. "It's pleasant to understand each other, isn't it? You see, I'm a plain-spoken fellow; I don't wish to give offence. If there's one thing more than another I pride myself on, it's my indulgence for human frailty. But, in my position here, I'm obliged to be careful. Upon my soul, I can't continue my acquaintance with a man who—oh, come! come! don't look as if you didn't understand me. The circumstances are against you, sir. You have treated me infamously."

"Under what circumstances have I treated you infamously?" Hugh asked.

"Under pretence of giving me a dinner," Mr. Vimpany shouted—"the worst dinner I ever sat down to!"

His wife signed to him to be silent. He took no notice of her. She insisted on being understood. "Say no more!" she warned him, in a tone of command.

The brute side of his nature, roused by Mountjoy's contemptuous composure, was forcing its way outwards; he set his wife at defiance.

"Then don't let him look at me as if he thought I was in a state of intoxication!" cried the furious doctor. "There's the man, Miss, who tried to make me tipsy," he went on,

actually addressing himself to Iris. "Thanks to my habits of sobriety, he has been caught in his own trap. He's intoxicated. Ha, friend Mountjoy, have you got the right explanation at last? There's the door, sir!"

Mrs. Vimpany felt that this outrage was beyond endurance. If something was not done to atone for it, Miss Henley would be capable—her face, at that moment, answered for her—of leaving the house with Mr. Mountjoy. Mrs. Vimpany seized her husband indignantly by the arm.

"You brute, you have spoilt everything!" she said to him. "Apologise directly to Mr. Mountjoy. You won't?"

"I won't!"

Experience had taught his wife how to break him to her will. "Do you remember my diamond pin?" she whispered.

He looked startled. Perhaps he thought she had lost the pin.

"Where is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Gone to London to be valued. Beg Mr. Mountjoy's pardon, or I will put the money in the bank—and not one shilling of it do you get."

In the meanwhile, Iris had justified Mrs. Vimpany's apprehensions. Her indignation noticed nothing but the insult offered to Hugh. She was too seriously agitated to be able to speak to him. Still admirably calm, his one anxiety was to compose her.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it is impossible that I can degrade myself by quarrelling with Mr. Vimpany. I only wait here to know what you propose to do. You have Mrs. Vimpany to think of."

"I have nobody to think of but You," Iris replied. "But for me, you would never have been in this house. After the insult that has been offered to you—oh, Hugh, I feel it too!—let us return to London together. I have only to tell Rhoda we are going away, and to make my preparations for travelling. Send for me from the inn, and I will be ready in time for the next train."

Mrs. Vimpany approached Mountjoy, leading her husband.

"Sorry I have offended you," the doctor said. "Beg your pardon. It's only a joke. No offence, I hope?"

His servility was less endurable than his insolence. Telling him that he need say no more, Mountjoy bowed to Mrs. Vimpany, and left the room. She returned his bow mechanically, in silence. Mr. Vimpany followed Hugh out—thinking of the diamond pin, and eager to open the house door, as another act of submission which might satisfy his wife.

Even a clever woman will occasionally make mistakes; especially when her temper happens to have been roused. Mrs. Vimpany found herself in a false position, due entirely to her own imprudence.

She had been guilty of three serious errors. In the first place, she had taken it for granted that Mr. Vimpany's restorative mixture would completely revive the sober state of his brains. In the second place, she had trusted him with her vengeance on the man who had found his way to her secrets through her husband's intemperance. In the third place, she had rashly assumed that the doctor, in carrying out her instructions for insulting Mountjoy, would keep within the limits which she had prescribed to him, when she hit on the audacious idea of attributing his disgraceful conduct to the temptation offered by his host's example. As a consequence of these acts of imprudence, she had exposed herself to a misfortune that she honestly dreaded—the loss of the place which she had carefully maintained in Miss Henley's estimation. In the contradictory confusion of feelings, so often found in women, this deceitful and dangerous creature had been con-

quered—little by little, as she had herself described it—by that charm of sweetness and simplicity in Iris, of which her own depraved nature presented no trace. She now spoke with hesitation, almost with timidity, in addressing the woman whom she had so cleverly deceived, at the time when they first met.

"Must I give up all, Miss Henley, that I most value?" she asked.

"I hardly understand you, Mrs. Vimpany."

"I will try to make it plainer. Do you really mean to leave me, this evening?"

"I do."

"May I own that I am grieved to hear it? Your departure will deprive me of some happy hours, in your company."

"Your husband's conduct leaves me no alternative," Iris replied.

"Pray do not humiliate me by speaking of my husband! I only want to know if there is a harder trial of my fortitude still to come. Must I lose the privilege of being your friend?"

"I hope I am not capable of such injustice as that," Iris declared. "It would be hard indeed to lay the blame of Mr. Vimpany's shameful behaviour on you. I don't forget that you made him offer an apology. Some women, married to such a man as that, might have been afraid of him. No, no; you have been a good friend to me—and I mean to remember it."

Mrs. Vimpany's gratitude was too sincerely felt to be expressed with her customary readiness. She only said what the stupidest woman in existence could have said: "Thank you."

In the silence that followed, the rapid movement of carriage-wheels became audible in the street. The sound stopped at the door of the doctor's house.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOCKERY OF DECEIT.

Had Mountjoy arrived to take Iris away, before her preparations for travelling were complete? Both the ladies hurried to the window, but they were too late. The rapid visitor, already hidden from them under the portico, was knocking smartly at the door. In another minute, a man's voice in the hall asked for "Miss Henley." The tones—clear, mellow, and pleasantly varied here and there by the Irish accent—were not to be mistaken by anyone who had already heard them. The man in the hall was Lord Harry.

In that serious emergency, Mrs. Vimpany recovered her presence of mind.

She made for the door, with the object of speaking to Lord Harry before he could present himself in the drawing-room. But Iris had heard him ask for her in the hall; and that one circumstance instantly stripped of its concealments the character of the woman in whose integrity she had believed. Her first impression of Mrs. Vimpany—so sincerely repented, so eagerly atoned for—had been the right impression after all! Younger, lighter, and quicker than the doctor's wife, Iris reached the door first, and laid her hand on the lock.

"Wait a minute," she said.

Mrs. Vimpany hesitated. For the first time in her life at a loss what to say, she could only sign to Iris to stand back. Iris refused to move. She put her terrible question in the plainest words:

"How does Lord Harry know that I am in this house?"

The wretched woman (listening intently for the sound of a step on the stairs) refused to submit to a shameful exposure, even now. To her perverted moral sense, any falsehood was acceptable, as a means of hiding herself from discovery by



Mrs. Vimpany approached Mountjoy, leading her husband.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

I am speaking to Lord Harry's spy!

Iris. In the very face of detection, the skilled deceiver kept up the mockery of deceit.

"My dear," she said, "what has come to you? Why won't you let me go to my room?"

Iris eyed her with a look of scornful surprise. "What next?" she said. "Are you impudent enough to pretend that I have not found you out, yet?"

Sheer desperation still sustained Mrs. Vimpany's courage. She played her assumed character against the contemptuous incredulity of Iris, as she had sometimes played her theatrical characters against the hissing and hooting of a brutal audience.

"Miss Henley," she said, "you forget yourself!"

"Do you think I didn't see in your face," Iris rejoined, "that you heard him, too? Answer my question."

"What question?"

"You have just heard it."

"No!"

"You false woman!"

"Don't forget, Miss Henley, that you are speaking to a lady."

"I am speaking to Lord Harry's spy!"

Their voices rose loud; the excitement on either side had reached its climax; neither the one nor the other was composed enough to notice the sound of the carriage-wheels, leaving the house again. In the meanwhile, nobody came to the drawing-room door. Mrs. Vimpany was too well acquainted with the hot-headed Irish lord not to conclude that he would have made himself heard, and would have found his way to Iris, but for some obstacle, below stairs, for which he was not prepared. The doctor's wife did justice to the doctor at last. Another person had, in all probability, heard Lord Harry's voice—and that person might have been her husband.

Was it possible that he remembered the service which she had asked of him; and, even if he had succeeded in calling it to mind, was his discretion to be trusted? As these questions

occurred to her, the desire to obtain some positive information was more than she was able to resist. Mrs. Vimpany attempted to leave the drawing-room for the second time.

But the same motive had already urged Miss Henley to action. Again, the younger woman outstripped the elder. Iris descended the stairs, resolved to discover the cause of the sudden suspension of events in the lower part of the house.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. VIMPANY'S FAREWELL.

The doctor's wife followed Miss Henley out of the room, as far as the landing—and waited there.

She had her reasons for placing this restraint on herself. The position of the landing concealed her from the view of a person in the hall. If she only listened for the sound of voices she might safely discover whether Lord Harry was, or was not,



"Let's see how you like it in your turn," he said.

still in the house. In the first event, it would be easy to interrupt his interview with Iris, before the talk could lead to disclosures which Mrs. Vimpany had every reason to dread. In the second event, there would be no need to show herself.

Meanwhile, Iris opened the dining-room door and looked in. Nobody was there. The one other room on the ground floor, situated at the back of the building, was the doctor's consulting-room. She knocked at the door. Mr. Vimpany's voice answered: "Come in." There he was alone, drinking brandy and water, and smoking his big black cigar.

"Where is Lord Harry?" she said.

"In Ireland, I suppose," Mr. Vimpany answered quietly.

Iris wasted no time in making useless inquiries. She closed the door again, and left him. He, too, was undoubtedly in the conspiracy to keep her deceived. How had it been done? Where was the wild lord, at that moment?

Whilst she was pursuing these reflections in the hall, Rhoda came up from the servants' tea-table in the kitchen. Her mistress gave her the necessary instructions for packing, and promised to help her before long. Mrs. Vimpany's audacious resolution to dispute the evidence of her own senses, still dwelt on Miss Henley's mind. Too angry to think of the embarrassment which an interview with Lord Harry would produce, after they had said their farewell words in Ireland, she was determined to prevent the doctor's wife from speaking to him first, and claiming him as an accomplice in her impudent denial of the truth. If he had been, by any chance, deluded into leaving the house, he would sooner or later discover the trick that had been played on him, and would certainly return. Iris took a chair in the hall.

It is due to the doctor to relate that he had indeed justified his wife's confidence in him.

The diamond pin, undergoing valuation in London, still represented a present terror in his mind. The money, the money—he was the most attentive husband in England when he thought of the money! At the time when Lord Harry's carriage stopped at his house-door, he was in the dining-room, taking a bottle of brandy from the cellaret in the side-board. Looking instantly out of the window, he discovered who the visitor was, and decided on consulting his instructions in the pocket-diary. The attempt was rendered useless, as soon as he had opened the book, by the unlucky activity of the servant in answering the door. Her master stopped her in the hall. He was pleasantly conscious of the recovery of his cunning. But his memory (far from active under the most favourable circumstances) was slower than ever at helping him now. On the spur of the moment, he could only call to mind that he had been ordered to prevent a meeting between Lord Harry and Iris. "Show the gentleman into my consulting-room," he said.

Lord Harry found the doctor enthroned on his professional chair, surprised and delighted to see his distinguished friend. The impetuous Irishman at once asked for Miss Henley.

"Gone," Mr. Vimpany answered.

"Gone—where?" the wild lord wanted to know next.

"To London."

"By herself?"

"No; with Mr. Hugh Mountjoy."

Lord Harry seized the doctor by the shoulders, and shook him: "You don't mean to tell me Mountjoy is going to marry her?"

Mr. Vimpany feared nothing but the loss of money. The weaker and the older man of the two, he nevertheless followed the young lord's example, and shook him with right good will. "Let's see how you like it, in your turn," he said. "As for Mountjoy, I don't know whether he is married or single—and don't care."

"The devil take your obstinacy! When did they start?"

"The devil take your questions! They started not long since."

"Might I catch them at the station?"

"Yes; if you go at once."

So the desperate doctor carried out his wife's instructions—without remembering the conditions which had accompanied them.

The way to the station took Lord Harry past the inn. He saw Hugh Mountjoy, through the open house door, paying his bill at the bar. In an instant the carriage was stopped, and the two men (never on friendly terms) were formally bowing to each other.

"I was told I should find you," Lord Harry said, "with Miss Henley, at the station."

"Who gave you your information?"

"Vimpany—the doctor."

"He ought to know that the train isn't due at the station for an hour yet."

"Has the black-guard deceived me? One word more, Mr. Mountjoy. Is Miss Henley at the inn?"

"No."

"Are you going with her to London?"

"I must leave Miss Henley to answer that."

"Where is she, sir?"

"There is an end to everything, my lord, in the world we live in. You have reached the end of my readiness to answer questions."

The Englishman and the Irishman looked at each other: the Anglo-Saxon was impenetrably cool; the Celt was flushed and angry. They might have been on the brink of a quarrel, but for Lord Harry's native quickness of perception, and his exercise of it at that moment. When he had called at Mr. Vimpany's house, and had asked for Iris, the doctor had got rid of

him by means of a lie. After this discovery, at what conclusion could he arrive? The doctor was certainly keeping Iris out of his way. Reasoning in this rapid manner, Lord Harry let one offence pass, in his headlong eagerness to resent another. He instantly left Mountjoy. Again, the carriage rattled back along the street; but it was stopped before it reached Mr. Vimpany's door.

Lord Harry knew the people whom he had to deal with, and took measures to approach the house silently, on foot. The coachman received orders to look out for a signal, which should tell him when he was wanted again.

Mr. Vimpany's ears, vigilantly on the watch for suspicious events, detected no sound of carriage-wheels and no noisy use of the knocker. Still on his guard, however, a ring at the house-bell disturbed him in his consulting-room. Peeping into the hall, he saw Iris opening the door to Lord Harry, and stole back to his room. "The devil take her!" he said, alluding to Miss Henley, and thinking of the enviable proprietor of the diamond pin.

At the unexpected appearance of Iris, Lord Harry forgot every consideration which ought to have been present to his mind, at that critical moment.

He advanced to her with both hands held out in cordial greeting. She signed to him contemptuously to stand back—and spoke in tones cautiously lowered, after a glance at the door of the consulting-room.

"My only reason for consenting to see you," she said, "is to protect myself from further deception. Your disgraceful conduct is known to me. Go now," she continued, pointing to the stairs, "and consult with your spy, as soon as you like." The Irish lord listened—guiltily conscious of having deserved what she had said to him—without attempting to utter a word in excuse.

Still posted at the head of the stairs, the doctor's wife heard Iris speaking; but the tone was not loud enough to make the words intelligible at that distance; neither was any other voice audible in reply. Vaguely suspicious of some act of domestic treachery, Mrs. Vimpany began to descend the stairs. At the turning which gave her a view of the hall, she stopped; thunderstruck by the discovery of Lord Harry and Miss Henley, together.

The presence of a third person seemed, in some degree, to relieve Lord Harry. He ran upstairs to salute Mrs. Vimpany, and was met again by a cold reception and a hostile look.

Strongly and strangely contrasted, the two confronted each other on the stairs. The faded woman, wan and ghastly under cruel stress of mental suffering, stood face to face with a fine, tall, lithe man, in the prime of his health and strength. Here were the bright blue eyes, the winning smile, and the natural grace of movement, which find their own way to favour in the estimation of the gentler sex. This irreclaimable wanderer among the perilous bye-ways of the earth—christened "Irish black-guard," among respectable members of society, when they spoke of him behind his back—attracted attention, even among the men. Looking at his daring finely-formed face, they noticed (as an exception to a general rule, in these days) the total suppression, by the razor, of whiskers, moustache, and beard. Strangers wondered whether Lord Harry was an actor or a Roman Catholic priest. Among chance acquaintances, those few favourites of Nature who are possessed of active brains, guessed that his life of adventure might well have rendered disguise necessary to his safety, in more than one part of the world. Sometimes they boldly put the question to him. The hot temper of an Irishman, in moments of excitement, is not infrequently a sweet temper in moments of calm. What they called Lord Harry's good-nature owned readily that he had been indebted, on certain occasions, to the protection of a false beard, and perhaps a colouring of his face and hair to match. The same easy disposition now asserted itself, under the merciless enmity of Mrs. Vimpany's eyes. "If I have done anything to offend you," he said, with an air of puzzled humility, "I'm sure I am sorry for it. Don't be angry, Arabella, with an old friend. Why won't you shake hands?"

"I have kept your secret, and done your dirty work," Mrs. Vimpany replied. "And what is my reward? Miss Henley can tell you how your Irish blundering has ruined me in a lady's estimation. Shake hands, indeed? You will never shake hands with me again as long as you live!"

She said those words without looking at him; her eyes were resting on Iris now. From the moment when she had seen the

two together, she knew that it was all over; further denial in the face of plain proofs would be useless indeed! Submission was the one alternative left.

"Miss Henley," she said, "if you can feel pity for another woman's sorrow and shame, let me have a last word with you—out of this man's hearing."

There was nothing artificial in her tones or her looks; no acting could have imitated the sad sincerity with which she spoke. Touched by that change, Iris accompanied her as she ascended the stairs. After a little hesitation, Lord Harry followed them. Mrs. Vimpany turned on him when they reached the drawing-room landing. "Must I shut the door in your face?" she asked.

He was as pleasantly patient as ever:

"You needn't take the trouble to do that, my dear: I'll only ask your leave to sit down and wait on the stairs. When you have done with Miss Henley, just call me in. And, by-the-way, don't be alarmed in case of a little noise—say a heavy man tumbling down stairs. If the blackguard it's your misfortune to be married to happens to show himself, I shall be under the necessity of kicking him. That's all."

Mrs. Vimpany closed the door. She spoke to Iris respectfully, as she might have addressed a stranger occupying a higher rank in life than herself.

"There is an end, madam, to our short acquaintance; and, as we both know, an end to it for ever. When we first met—let me tell the truth at last!—I felt a malicious pleasure in deceiving you. After that time, I was surprised to find that you grew on my liking. Can you understand the wickedness that tried to resist you? It was useless; your good influence has been too strong for me. Strange, isn't it? I have lived a life of deceit, among bad people. What could you expect of me, after that? I heaped lies on lies—I would have denied that the sun was in the heavens—rather than find myself degraded in your opinion. Well! that is all over—useless, quite useless now. Pray don't mistake me. I am not attempting to excuse myself; a confession was due to you; the confession is made. It is too late to hope that you will forgive me. If you will permit it, I have only one favour to ask. Forget me."

She turned away with a last hopeless look, which said as plainly as if in words: "I am not worth a reply."

Generous Iris insisted on speaking to her.

"I believe you are truly sorry for what you have done," she said; "I can never forget that—I can never forget you." She held out her pitying hand. Mrs. Vimpany was too bitterly conscious of the past to touch it. Even a spy is not beneath the universal reach of the heartache. There were tears in the miserable woman's eyes when she had looked her last at Iris Henley.

(To be continued.)

TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

The report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the general system of management of trustee savings banks has been issued. The Committee state that in 1863 the banks of this class in the United Kingdom numbered 622, with 1,558,000 deposits, amounting to £40,563,000. A very few banks have since then been created, while a large number then existing have been wound up. The present number is 380, with 1,500,000 depositors, representing £45,000,000. The number of depositors in the Post Office savings banks has now reached 3,951,000, with deposits amounting to £53,974,000. The average deposits at the trustee savings banks is £29 9s. 1d., and at the Post Office £13 13s. 1d.

During the course of the Committee's inquiry, numerous other banks than those mentioned have been closed or are in course of closing. It appears that this movement is due, not to the inquiry by the Committee, but to the fact that the trustees have in many cases been alarmed by the disclosures of the Cardiff Bank and others, and the probable liability which might attach to them individually in the event of loss by mismanagement of their banks. The managers of the larger trustee savings banks, it is alleged, are better able to accommodate their methods of business to the wants of their depositors than can the Post Office officials with their more rigid rules. It was said that the greater secrecy of the trustee savings banks is much appreciated by large classes of depositors, who do not like to have letters addressed to them by the central office disclosing the fact that there is a deposit standing in their names.

The Committee proceed to say: "It cannot be too widely known and appreciated, that the Government is not responsible for the solvency of the Trustee Savings Banks. It is responsible only to the trustees for so much of the money deposited in these banks as is forwarded to the Bank of England by the trustees. But there are no means of knowing whether these sums represent the total deposits, or whether the provisions of the Savings Bank Acts are actually and properly carried out. Nor is the Government responsible for the proper application of the money withdrawn by the trustees. The savings banks are bound to transmit weekly to the National Debt Commissioners statements of their receipts and payments, and the amount transmitted to or drawn from the Commissioners, also yearly statements of their accounts; but the National Debt Commissioners have no means whatever of knowing whether the statements so rendered weekly or yearly are accurate, except as to the amounts transmitted or withdrawn, or whether they truly represent the real condition of the bank as to either assets or liabilities."

The winners of Cobden Club silver medals awarded for proficiency in political economy are: Samuel Crook, Williams College, Mass., U.S.; and Walter Sibbald Adie, the London International College, Isleworth.

The Society of Arts has offered £150 in money prizes, as well as twenty of the society's bronze medals, for objects in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, to be held in the autumn. The judges will be empowered to distribute the money in such proportion of it as they see fit, according to the relative merits of the exhibits, at the same time paying due regard to the cost of production.

The Executive of the National Fruitgrowers' League, having sent one of their experts to visit the agricultural districts of the Eastern States of America, has received a report dealing with the question. It states that, in consequence of the continuous flow of emigrants of almost all nationalities, the labour centres of all the Eastern States of America are in a very congested condition. The position of the agricultural class is, in the majority of cases, worse than it is in the United Kingdom. In the height of the season there are hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men working from four in the morning till eight at night for ten shillings per week and their board. Throughout six months of the year these terms cannot be secured. The talk about cheap land is declared to be a delusion, the value of good arable land being greater, in most cases, than that of the United Kingdom, and farming cannot be carried on in any part of America without money, say £200 in each individual case at least, and with such capital better results can be secured on five acres at home.

REVIEW OF TROOPS BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The weather was delightful at Aldershot on Wednesday, Aug. 7, when from an early hour the country was astir with the horse, foot, and artillery of the two opposing armies making for their respective places of rendezvous, the northern army concentrating about Stoney Castle and Longdown Hill Fort, and the southern army massing to the south of Normandy Fort. The northern army, it must be explained, was supposed to be defending London from a force which, having landed on the south coast near Worthing and Shoreham, had occupied Guildford and Puttenham with an army corps. This northern army, which was supposed to have pushed forward an army corps from Reading to Wokingham, was commanded by General Sir D. C. Drury Lowe.

The Royal Horse Artillery and cavalry of this northern army comprised, besides two batteries, the Royal Horse Guards, the 1st Royal Dragoons, the 14th and 19th Hussars, the 16th Lancers, and a mounted detachment of the Royal Engineers; and they were under the command of Colonel E. Wood. Colonel Inge led the divisional artillery, consisting of five batteries and the Honourable Artillery Company. The Royal Engineers were under Colonel Bruce Brine. Coming to the Infantry, the Guards Brigade, consisting of the 3rd Grenadiers, the 2nd Coldstreams, and the 1st Scots Guards, were under the command of Colonel Wigram. General Mansfield Clarke led the 3rd Aldershot Infantry Brigade, in which were the 2nd East Kent Regiment, 1st Somerset Light Infantry, 1st Bedfordshire, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, and a detachment of the infantry of the Honourable Artillery Company. The Volunteer Brigade attached to this northern army was under General Sir W. Humphrey, and contained the 1st and 3rd Hampshires, the 4th West Surreys, the 17th Middlesex Battalion, and the 1st Surrey Regiment. Roughly speaking, the army defending London was about twelve thousand strong, counting officers, rank, and file. The total strength of the two armies was between twenty-five and twenty-six thousand, with 4590 horses and ninety-three guns. To return, for a moment, to the defending army, the whole of the Volunteer Brigade, under General Humphrey, was formed up by seven o'clock. The movements of this brigade, also of the regulars from Aldershot, as they gradually took up their positions, marching in and out among the hills and across the stretches of heath, were pretty to see. By half-past eight o'clock Sir Drury Lowe's army was in position. On his left were posted Colonel Wigram's three battalions of Guards, covering Curzon Bridge. The Volunteer Brigade formed his right, while the Aldershot Brigade, as already detailed, was in the centre. In rear of the above infantry were cavalry and artillery. Away to the rear, a battery on Windmill Hill was most skilfully posted for the purpose of defending Sir Drury Lowe's left from the dangers of a flank movement.

While all these movements, so interesting from the scientific point of view, were in progress, the large crowd of spectators were awaiting the advent of the guest of the day, the German Emperor. The crowd at Ash Vale Station, where the Emperor was to arrive from Portsmouth, had been congregating there for nearly three hours before his arrival. In fact, many of the spectators had been travelling during the small hours. The 12th Lancers and the Light Cavalry Troop of the Honourable Artillery Company formed an escort for his Imperial Majesty, and among the most distinguished personages who awaited his arrival were the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolsley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Redvers Buller, and General Hannan. At about ten minutes past nine o'clock the train conveying the Emperor and suite steamed into the station. It was seen in a moment that the Prince of Wales was not there. But the Princess of Wales was; and with her were her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud. Very shortly after the Emperor's arrival the signal was given for the manoeuvres to begin. At this time the invading army, under Major-General Williams, was disposed as follows: The cavalry, comprising the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and 11th and 18th Hussars, were posted to the north-west of the gravel pits, and with them were two batteries (B and K) of the Royal Horse Artillery. The 2nd Volunteer Brigade, commanded by Colonel Trotter, and containing the 15th and 24th Middlesex and 2nd London Volunteers, the 3rd London and 1st Tower Hamlets, the 2nd, 12th, 1st, 6th, and 21st Middlesex, and 2nd Tower Hamlets battalions, were posted on Surprise Hill. The remaining Volunteer brigade, occupying a position somewhat to the south of Normandy Fort, was made up of the 1st Berkshire, 1st Bucks, 1st Bedfordshire, 2nd Oxfordshire, and 3rd Bedfordshire battalions, with a detachment of the Army Service Corps, and a bearer company of the Medical Staff Corps.

This southern, or invading, army, under General Williams, was the first to begin the fight. As soon as the signal was given, the Life Guards threw out their scouts to the right of the position; the 18th Hussars making a corresponding movement on the left. From a very early stage in the manoeuvring, it became evident that General Williams had the advantage over his opponent in facilities for flanking movements. He had the advantage of position. General Sir Drury Lowe's movements were confined to a smaller area. But they were prompt enough, compelling General Williams's cavalry to advance and occupy the rising ground beyond Normandy Fort. Following them came the Royal Horse Artillery, who, after a short interval, opened a vigorous fire. The defending force promptly replied, and the artillery duel lasted for a considerable time. The 11th and 18th Hussars, under Colonel Parker, made a gallant charge. It was one of the prettiest spectacles of the day. But it failed, and for a time it seemed as if the northerners were gaining the advantage. Slowly but steadily Drury Lowe was compelling his antagonist to yield up the ground he had covered. Thereupon the field-batteries of the invading army furiously blazed away, in order to protect the retiring cavalry, while at the same time the infantry were brought up—the second Volunteer Brigade (Colonel Trotter's) advancing to support the field batteries. In course of time the cavalry of the northern army also was compelled to retreat on suddenly discovering that Normandy Fort was held by a strong force of infantry—strong, that is to say, less from its numbers than from its position. The peppering which General Drury Lowe's cavalry received from Normandy Fort would, in real warfare, have emptied hundreds of saddles. While the second Volunteer Brigade was covering its field artillery, the first Aldershot infantry brigade, under General Bell, was waiting for other work. They now found it. They were ordered to make for the Crown Prince Wood and turn the defending army's flank. General Bell advanced, supported by Colonel Needham's Life Guards. Almost simultaneously the infantry of the defending force attempted to secure Duke's Hill. The Aldershot Brigade succeeded in taking possession of the wood, the invaders' artillery advanced rapidly, the defenders gave way, and a stiff fight was imminent for the possession of Black Hill, upon which the defending force was concentrating its strength. Before midday the defending force was in full retreat. It was outflanked, and its centre was shattered. Shortly before the finish the defenders made a cavalry charge from which few,

in actual warfare, could have escaped alive. The manoeuvring lasted about two hours and a half. Among the interesting incidents was the quick construction, by the Engineers of General Drury Lowe's force, of a bridge across the water close to Frimley Lock, in order to provide for the contingency of a retreat to the other side of the canal.

After the manoeuvring the Emperor and his party retired for luncheon, and the troops engaged were getting into position for the spectacle of the day—the march past. It began at twenty-five minutes past one, and lasted until twenty-five minutes to three. By all accounts the Emperor was highly pleased with what he saw. It was a magnificent spectacle. Beside the flagstaff stood the Emperor, with the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolsley on his right, and Sir Evelyn and Sir Redvers Buller behind. On his left were Prince Albert Victor of Wales and Prince Henry of Prussia. The Emperor looked in excellent health and spirits. First in the march-past came the six batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery, followed by the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the 1st Royal Dragoons, and five regiments of Hussars. The field batteries (nine of them, exclusive of the detachment of the Honourable Artillery Company) made an imposing display as they swept past at the trot. The 16th Lancers excited a good deal of admiration as they rode past. So did several of the Volunteer regiments, who, for training reasons, were the first of the Infantry to march past the saluting post. Twenty-five Volunteer battalions were represented, and in some cases very fully. Most complimentary were the general criticisms on the Volunteer battalions; but the enthusiastic admiration was reserved for the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, and the Scots Guards, who now came up, eighteen hundred strong. Twelve Line regiments, with companies of the Army Service Corps and a detachment of the Medical Staff Corps, ended the march-past. At the conclusion, the Emperor shook hands with the Duke of Cambridge in acknowledgment of the excellence of this portion of the day's work.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

As reported in our last Issue, the annual meeting of the Royal Archæological Institute was opened on Aug. 6, at Norwich, under the auspices of the Duke of Norfolk, the president for the current year.

Accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, the members of the institute had, on the 7th, a fine day for their long journey to Swaffham and Castleacre, and they accomplished their day's work very satisfactorily. On reaching Swaffham they were much tempted to stop and visit the fine Perpendicular parish church and other antiquities; but the managers of the excursion were inexorable, and the carriages were ordered to proceed at once to Castleacre, one of the few places in Norfolk which has been utilised in succession as a Roman and a Saxon fortress and stronghold. The earthworks were described by Mr. Albert Hartshorne, F.S.A., who pointed out the western and southern sides of the original Roman camp, though the north side of the walls has long since disappeared. The eastern side of the circumvallation also has shared the same fate, for it was destroyed at the time of the formation of the later and far finer Anglian or Anglo-Saxon earthworks outside the camp on the mound, above which now tower the remains of William De Warren's Norman keep. The circuit of the fortifications once inclosed eighteen acres of ground. The entrance was to the east, and it was guarded by protecting bastions, and the greater or outer "bailey" extended to the west. The old earthworks are very bold, and large masses of the walls remain wholly or partly in sight. After Mr. Hartshorne had explained the earthworks, the party paid a hasty visit of inspection to the parish church, dedicated to St. James, and erected early in the fifteenth century. The church, which was restored in a most conservative manner by Mr. Ewan Christian some ten or twelve years ago, is remarkable for its interior chapels and the number and variety of its windows. After lunching at the Ostrich Inn, the party reassembled at the gate-house of the once great Cluniac Priory, once a cell subordinate to the great Abbey of Lewes. Here Mr. St. John Hope, F.S.A., pointed out the principal portions which time had spared, especially the great west front and the long range of monastic buildings to the west of the cloister, as also the "fratery" and the "dorter," or dormitory of the monks, and also the remains of what once must have been a noble chapter-house. On their way back to the station the party paid a hasty visit to Great Durham Church, which was briefly explained by the Rev. C. R. Manning. They returned to Norwich in time to hear papers read on the antiquarian and architectural sections by Messrs. Andre and Longden, and by the Rev. Dr. Cox and the Rev. Dr. Raven.

The members held their annual business meeting on the 8th in the hall of the Church of England Young Men's Christian Society. After the report and accounts had been read and approved, a discussion took place as to the selection of a place of meeting next year, and it was resolved to leave the choice in the hands of the council. At eleven o'clock the Historical Section was opened by the Rev. Dr. Jessop with an eloquent address on archæological progress in late years, which was followed by a paper on "A Sculptured Stone in Cheshire, with a Runic Inscription," by the Rev. Professor Browne, of Cambridge. Subsequently the old Norman castle, so familiar to all visitors to Norwich, was inspected, under the guidance of Mr. Albert Hartshorne, F.S.A., who gave a brief account of its history. During the afternoon the archæologists, under the direction of the Rev. William Hudson and Mr. Mottram, inspected St. Gregory's Church, the Strangers' Hall (probably the headquarters of the old Guild of St. George), the Guildhall of the city, and the church of St. Peter Mancroft in the Market-place. Subsequently the party were entertained at Carrow Priory by Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., and Mrs. Colman. In the evening the archæologists and a large party of ladies and gentlemen from the city and its neighbourhood were entertained at a conversazione, in St. Andrew's Hall, by the Mayor and Corporation of Norwich.

On the 9th the archæologists went off at 10 a.m. by train to Great Yarmouth, and as soon as they arrived went through the Market-place to the parish church—one of the finest in the kingdom, and in part satisfactorily restored—where Precentor Venables explained the leading features of the fabric, which are familiar to most travellers in East Anglia. The toll-house, the Star Hotel, and several of the most interesting of the private and public residences in the town were also visited, under the guidance of Mr. F. Danby Palmer, the Mayor of Yarmouth, who is an accomplished antiquary himself. The party was also led through two or three of the most curious of the 130 rows which intersect the main streets. Having lunched at the Assembly Rooms, the party proceeded in carriages to the ancient Gariononum, now Burgh Castle, near the confluence of the Waveney, the Wensum, and the Yare, inspecting the walls and remaining gateways of the castle, under the guidance of the Rev. Dr. Raven and Mr. G. E. Fox, F.S.A., who pointed out the sites of other Roman stations, or reputed to be such, at Reedham and at Caistor-by-Yarmouth, and drew attention to the ease with which the wide estuary helped the

natives to repel all attacks by sea, in Roman and in later times, before the first deposit of the sandbank on which Yarmouth now stands. The party returned by train to Norwich in time for the evening meeting, at which, according to the printed programme, papers were promised to be read by the Rev. H. M. Scarth, Dr. Raven, Mr. E. M. Beloe, and the Rev. William Hudson.

The 10th was bright and fine, and the archæologists had no sooner finished breakfast than they left by railway for Holt, where carriages were in readiness to convey them past Letheringsett with its circular tower, and the ruins of Glandford Church, to Cley-on-the-Sea, where they inspected the fine parish church, a good specimen of the Decorated period, under the guidance of Mr. St. John Hope, who briefly commented on its leading features. He pointed out two brasses of great interest, and called attention to the room above the south porch, which contains a huge oaken locker or press, used in earlier times to keep the church vestments with their jewels and other ornaments. Leaving Cley and driving through Wiveton, the party reached Blakey, where luncheon was served at the Oddfellows' Hall. Before leaving they had time to notice a curious beacon-turret of small dimensions at the north-east angle of the chancel of the church. Soon after two o'clock the carriages were again in readiness to convey the party to Binham Priory, not far from Fakenham. The west front of the priory, the nave of which alone remains, is one of the very finest specimens of Early English work to be seen in Norfolk, or even in England, and it elicited corresponding admiration. Here, again, Mr. St. John Hope became their guide, and explained the original ground plan, and, so far as they can be conjectured, the appearance of the old Monastic buildings. The nave here, as at Wymondham, serves as a parish church. The priory itself was tenanted by members of the Benedictine Order, and was during a long period subordinate to the great Abbey of St. Albans. At one time it suffered a siege at the hands of King John, but the monarch was obliged to raise the siege and withdraw his troops. The party returned to Norwich in the course of the afternoon in time for the evening meeting, which was held, by permission of the Mayor and Corporation, in the Guildhall. Precentor Venables had promised to read a paper on the "Norfolk Dedications," while papers on a "Norman Fort at Toft Trees," and on the painted roofs and screens of East Anglia, were read by Mr. J. E. Bale and Mr. G. E. Fox respectively.

On Sunday, Aug. 11, there was a special service in the cathedral, attended by the Mayor and Corporation and the members of the institution, before whom a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Raven.

MUSIC.

With the termination of the season of Italian opera and the suspension of serial and miscellaneous concerts, there would be almost a void in London music were it not for the Promenade Concerts, which have for some seasons followed close on the subsidence of the activity which reigns during the chief part of the summer. Covent Garden Theatre—where Mr. Augustus Harris's operatic season ended on July 27—was soon reopened, again under the experienced management of Mr. Freeman Thomas, whose new season began on Aug. 10. The engagements for the series include Mesdames Valleria, Samuelli, Colombati, Patey, Tremelli, Hersee, Belle-Cole, and Sterling; Misses Francis, Rita, and Nikita; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signori Runcio, Foli, Abramoff, and Ciampi; Mr. V. Smith, Mr. O. Harley, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. Chilly, Mr. W. Clifford, Mr. B. Foote, and others, as vocalists; and Madame Roger-Mielos, Miss F. Waud, and Herr Friedheim as solo pianists; Mr. J. T. Carrodus being the leader of the orchestra and solo violinist. Other eminent instrumentalists are included in the band, which is conducted by Signor Ardit. The opening concert of the series comprised vocal and instrumental music in various styles, classical and popular. The vocalists were the young lady who appears under the name of Nikita, Mdle. Tremelli, Mr. H. Piercy, and Signor Foli; these artists having been associated in the well-known quartet from "Rigoletto," "Un di si ben," besides being individually heard in more or less familiar solo pieces. Solos on the flute and the violin were brilliantly played, respectively, by Mr. Radcliffe and Miss Nettie Carpenter. The fine qualities of the orchestra were specially manifested in the overtures to "Zampa" and "Guillaume Tell," the "Allegretto" from Beethoven's eighth symphony, and other pieces, in some of which the efforts were enhanced by the co-operation of the band of the Coldstream Guards, directed by Mr. C. Thomas. In the temporary absence of Mr. J. T. Carrodus, Mr. Frye Parker was an efficient leader. Signor Ardit received a warm welcome on taking his place at the conductor's desk. The interior of the theatre, at the back, has been tastefully decorated with representations of the Persian Pavilion and the Exhibition grounds at Paris.

Other concerts of a similar description are to be inaugurated on Saturday evening, Aug. 17, at Her Majesty's Theatre, where Mr. Mapleson's Italian opera season closed prematurely some weeks ago. The concerts at the Haymarket opera-house are under the conductorship of Signor Bevnigani, whose name is sufficient guarantee of skilful efficiency. Among the vocalists engaged for the season are: Misses Trebelli, Marriott, Gomes, Warnots, Flynn, H. Wilson, Damiani, McKenzie, and Leo; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. McKay, Mr. Oswald, Mr. A. Marsh, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Hilton. Mr. De Pachmann, Herr Schönberger, and Señor Albinez will appear as solo pianists; and MM. Wolff and Nachez and Miss A. Liebmann as solo violinists; other eminent soloists being also associated with the instrumental performances. With an orchestra of high excellence, led by Mr. G. H. Beijemann, and with Signor Bevnigani as conductor, the concerts will present strong claims to public support.

Mr. J. W. Turner's English Opera Company ended their brief series of performances at the Princess's Theatre on Aug. 10. Popular operas by Balfe, Wallace, Benedict, and Auber have been given with general efficiency; and on Aug. 7 Macfarren's "Robin Hood" was revived after having been neglected for many years. It was originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860, and had much success, some of the pieces having retained their attraction in concert programmes. In the performance now referred to, the title-character was effectively sustained by Mr. J. W. Turner; another meritorious feature in the cast being the Maid Marian of Miss C. Bellamy. After the close of the series the company were to resume their provincial performances.

The British Medical Association, a society of medical practitioners holding British qualifications, and now numbering about 13,000 members, commenced its annual meeting at Leeds on Aug. 13, under the presidency of Mr. Wheelhouse.

The great Museum of Natural History, which contains all the Imperial collection, has been opened in Vienna by the Emperor. A staff of specialists will direct the various departments.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR WITNESSING THE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FLIES.

This is emphatically the heyday and holiday of the flies; and for the last half-hour my efforts to secure an untroubled siesta have been frustrated by the blandishments and attentions of a particularly energetic member of that tribe of insects. Once upon a time I was captivated by an enthralling account of the adventures of a bald-headed man with a fly. Out of these incongruous elements the author evolved a most thrilling recital. The bald-headed man lay asleep—this was the prologue to the drama. Act first was the descent of the fly on his head, and his awakening himself from slumber by the energetic slap which he gave his cranium in the hope of killing the intruder and trespasser. Then began act second. This was the arousing of vengeance. The bald-headed man procures a towel, and lies in wait for his enemy. Effort after effort to secure his prey fails. He then sinks to rest. The final act of the drama witnesses his waking up once again on the fly's invitation to combat, conveyed this time by tickling the hairless man's nose. He seizes his towel once again and pursues the insect. The towel knocks over a pair of costly vases. Then the inkstand is knocked over, and he mops up the ink from his carpet with his towel. Off he goes again in hot pursuit. He sends the end of his stick, to which he has secured the towel, through a pane of glass. Finally, he brings down the chandelier with his stick, just as the fly sweeps victoriously out of the window, and the bald-headed man is left wiping his face unconsciously with the inky towel. This is the final tableau, and brings down the curtain. Now, there is much to be admired in this tale of a fly; and one can sympathise deeply with the pursuer of the insect race. For an amazing, irritating, temper-destroying fiend of an insect, commend me to the common or household fly. Other insects (which shall be nameless) bite you and cause groaning and lamentation, especially in the watches of the night; others sting you with an honesty of purpose that leaves nothing to be desired; while others, again, eat your clothes and destroy your furs wholesale. But they are all fairly bearable in their way. It is your wretched fly which possesses a gift of irritating you simply and purely, and of making you get heated and vexed without adequate cause—a property this, by-the-way, which I once heard an ungallant and long-suffering husband attribute in perfection to his mother-in-law.

The one consolation about the fly is that it has an interesting history both personal and retrospective. Thus it is a member of a group of insects to which the learned in insect lore apply the name of *Diptera*—that is, the two-winged order. For the fly wants the hinder pair of wings which most other insects possess, and it shares this character in common with all true flies, whereof the gaddies, mosquitoes, gnats, and so forth are excellent examples. The hinder pair of wings, however, is represented in the flies and appears under the guise of a pair of filaments called "poisers," or "halteres." This would seem to show that once upon a time the fly-race possessed all four wings. How and why the hinder wings disappeared is more, I believe, than anyone can venture to say. As for flight, it is tolerably clear the insect contrives its aerial movements with excellent skill. Indeed, if we appeal to M. Marey, of Paris, as an authority on animal locomotion, we learn that our fly, when held captive, moves its wings 330 times a second. Now, this is a really high rate of speed when compared with the rate of movement of the honey-bee at 190 times a second; and it throws the butterfly (only nine times a second) into the shade altogether. So also Landois has studied for us the music of a fly's wings. Everyone knows the difference between the droning and the sharp "buzz" of a fly. Taking the correspondence of the sounds made by the insect with musical notes, Landois tells us that a fly which produces the note F moves its wings 352 times a second; a bee making the sound of A vibrates the wings 440 times. A tired bee hums on E, and vibrates some 330 times in the second. The bee's contented hum, when in quest of honey, is A. Thus there is really an expression of the emotions in these insects; and there is really no better reason, after all, why a fly or a bee should not give vent to its joy or indicate its rage than our neighbour the Gaul should shrug his shoulders or turn out the palms of his hands. After a busy season, the flies leave the soul of the housewife vexed and angry. She contemplates with dismay the fly-blown paper and the scratched and eroded surfaces of her furniture and books. If it is desired that the source of these destructive powers should be seen, you have only to put the fly's tongue under a low power of the microscope. This is the organ which, when at rest, is bent up beneath the insect's head. When it alights on the sugar, you can see the fly unfold its proboscis for predatory purposes, and scrape the toothsome morsel. The end of the tongue actually unfolds into a couple of broad fan-like leaves, serving at once as rasps and suckers. By means of this rough file-like expansion of the tongue, the fly works havoc with delicate surfaces, and it is doubtless this proboscis which annoys and tickles us when the insect pays those personal attentions to which allusion has been made. The fact of the tongue being an unruly member and a source of annoyance finds a new interpretation in the case of the fly.

Like the butterflies and beetles, the fly passes in its development through what zoologists call a perfect metamorphosis. In other words, it begins life as a grub or caterpillar—the baby flies are scornfully denominated "maggots"—then it becomes a pupa or chrysalis, and finally emerges into the full-grown and winged insect. As a maggot it is active, while as a chrysalis it is quiescent—this, in short, is the characteristic feature of the perfect development. There is, however, much more in fly-development than meets the eye of the popular naturalist. Ordinarily, or at least in many insects, the organs and parts of the grub are gradually transformed into those of the adult. Long ago, Newport taught us how the caterpillar's long and diffused nerve-chain grew into the much more concentrated nervous system of the butterfly. The flies, however, seem to illustrate a metamorphosis which is much more complete and sweeping than that just indicated. When the maggot, white and legless, leaves the egg of the mother-fly, there are found within its body certain curious masses, arranged with tolerable regularity, and called *imaginal discs*. So long as the maggot stage continues these discs remain *in statu quo*. The grub eats voraciously, changes its skin to accommodate the increasing growth of its body, and finally, after thus laying up a store of material in which development is to work its own sweet will, it becomes the chrysalis. Then these discs come to the front of things. They enlarge, and out of this substance are formed legs, wings, head, proboscis, and, in short, the belongings of the adult fly. The organs which served the maggot disappear and dissolve away, and only the tail of the grub seems to take part in the formation of that of the full-grown insect. This study makes it clear once again that the fly is an insect with a history. It has come to be the fly of to-day, as the result of a very ancient process of evolution; and although this fact may not reconcile us to its worrying habits, it may perchance invest our enemy with a new interest in our eyes.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

MARTIN F.—The result was given in another part of the paper.—(2) Thanks for problem. A casual glance, however, reveals a simple solution in two moves by 1. Q to B3rd (ch); 2. K to B3rd. K or B takes Q; 2. Kt or P mates.

J. D.—Without further particulars we cannot trace the problem to which you refer. FITZ WALTER.—Examine the effect of Black's rejoinder, 1. B to Q4th.

HAZARD.—As you state the case, the game is drawn by perpetual check.

F. T. (Rochampton).—It is certainly not judicious to sacrifice a piece for two pawns under the circumstances mentioned. Such games have little interest. We will, however, look over them.

A. BECHGER.—See solution of Mr. Meyer's problem below, and you will discover your error.

P. HOOD.—There is no second solution. 1. B to Q4th is the defence.

W. SHAW (Montreal).—Many thanks; your view was fully endorsed by many solvers.

Mrs W. J. BAIRD, W. GLEAVE, AND D. MCCOY.—Your contributions shall have prompt attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2361 received from W. Shaw (Montreal), John D. Grant, and W. Fisher (Toronto); of No. 2363 from Emil Frau, Soberides, H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), T. G. (Ware), and John G. Grant; of No. 2364 from H. A. Valkenburgh, Swyre, Emil Frau, A. Bechger, G. C. M. (Dundee), E. J. Crane, A. De Vasconcelles (Avers), C. B. Perugini, J. G. Tabor (Baddow), F. Lorraine, James Paul (Tulse-hill), H. R. K. (Hove), F. Thomas, and W. Waller.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2365 received from J. Armstrong, Challice (RN), T. Roberts, G. J. Veale, Dr. P. S. C. B. Perugini, Julia Short (Exeter), Sladforth, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. H. Brooks, Dawn, E. O'Gorman (Dublin), W. R. Raillem, R. Winters (Chatterbury), Bernard Reynolds, W. Waller, T. G. (Ware), E. E. H. Fr. Fernando, Martin F. E. Cassella (Paris), J. Goad, E. London, Howard A. Forests, W. M. Brooke, M. C. Shann, Jupiter Junior, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), G. Rutter, I. Desanges, E. J. Craue, N. Harris, A. Freeman, J. Dixon (Colchester), W. Wright, and A. Davis (Leeds).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2363.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

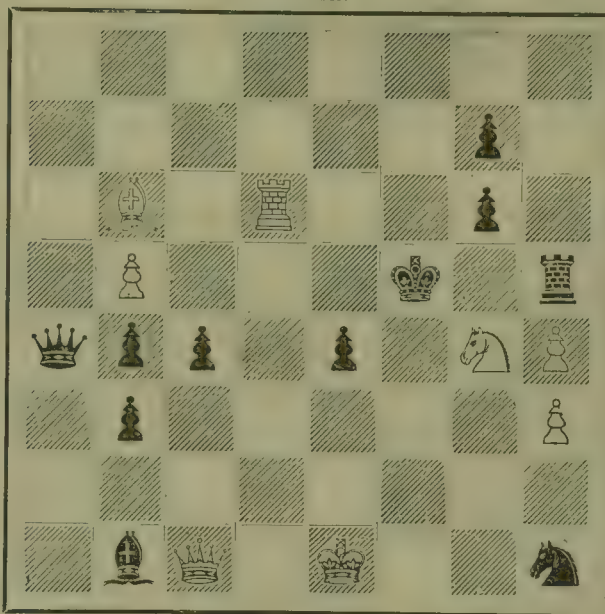
WHITE.
1. Kt to Kt3rd
2. K to B8th
3. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Q to Kt8th
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2367.

By D. MCKAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

Game played recently in America between Messrs. BLACKBURNE and PACHOLDER, the former contesting seven other games simultaneously.

(Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	ferior game, defeat is a foregone conclusion.	
2. Kt to K3rd	P to Q3rd	15. P to B4th	Kt to B5th
3. P to Q4th	P takes P	16. Q to K2nd	P to QKt4th
4. Q takes P	Kt to Q3rd		He ought certainly to have taken off the B here.
5. B to Kt5th	B to Q2nd	17. B to Q4th	P to Q R4th
6. B takes Kt	B takes B	18. P to Kt4th	P to Kt2nd
7. B to Kt5th	P to B3rd	19. K R to Kt sq	P to Q R5th
8. B to K3rd		20. P to Kt5th	P to K B4th

The customary replies here have long been B to R4th and B to B4th, but Mr. Blackburne's deviation seems superior to both.

8. Kt to B3rd	Kt to K2nd	21. P to Kt6th	K to Kt sq
9. Castles (Q R)	Kt to Kt3rd	22. P takes P	P to R3rd
10. Q to Q2nd	B to K2nd	23. P takes P	R to K B sq
11. Q to Q2nd	Castles	24. P to B6th	B takes P
12. Kt to Q4th	Kt to K4th	25. Q takes Kt P	Q takes Q

Black loses the exchange by this move. B to Q2nd would have prevented it; but, in any case, the position is already getting uncomfortable for Black.

13. Kt to K6th	Q to Q2nd	26. K takes Q	P to B4th
14. Kt takes R	K takes Kt	27. B takes B	R takes B
		28. P to Kt3rd	P takes P
		29. R P takes P	Kt to K6th
		30. R takes P, and wins.	

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Dublin Mail Tourney between Captain M. S. W. and Mr. S. KEIR.

(Pierce Gambit.)

WHITE (Captain M. S. W.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Captain M. S. W.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	13. Q takes P	B to K Kt3rd
2. Kt to Q3rd	Kt to Q3rd	14. Q to Q R4th (ch)	
3. P to K B4th	P takes P		Initiating an ingenious attack. At this point, however, Black seems to have an adequate defence to any attack White may make, and his extra piece should eventually win the game.
4. Kt to K B3rd	P to K Kt4th	15. Q to Q4th	P to K B3rd
5. P to Q4th	P to Kt5th	16. B to Kt5th	B to Kt2nd
6. P to B4th	P takes Kt		Black would gain nothing by taking the Bishop, for White would then continue with 17. Q to Kt sq (ch), B to K2nd; 18. Q takes Kt, Castles, &c.
7. Castles	P to Q3rd	17. R takes P	Kt takes R
8. Q takes P	B to K3rd	18. B takes Kt	Castles.
9. B to Q Kt5th			White overlooked the effect of this in making his seventeenth move. He ought to have taken the Pawn with his Bishop.

B takes B is recommended in "Chess Openings," the game being continued in favour of Black. The text-move is given as a minor variation, leading to Black's advantage.

9. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	19. P to Q5th	P takes P
10. P to Q5th	P takes P	20. P takes P	B to K B4th
11. P to Q5th			
12. P takes P			

The subjoined hitherto unpublished game was played in Scotland in 1852, between the well-known amateur DELTA and the late J. LOWENTHAL.

(Bishops' Gambit.)

WHITE (Delta)	BLACK (J. L.)	WHITE (Delta)	BLACK (J. L.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	16. B to K B4th	P to Q R3rd
2. P to K B4th	P takes P	17. P to Kt4th	Kt to Q2nd
3. B to B4th	Q to R5th (ch)	18. Q to K sq	P to Q4th
4. K to B sq	P to Kt4th	19. P takes P (en pas.)	Kt takes P
5. Kt to Q B3rd	B to Kt2nd	20. B takes B	Q Kt takes B
6. P to Kt3rd	P takes P	21. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
7. K to Kt2nd		22. R to Q sq	K to K2nd
		23. Q to K B sq	R to K B sq
		24. R to K B4th	P to Q R4th

The usual move here is Q to B3rd.

If B takes Kt the game must have proceeded as follows: 1. B takes Kt, 2. Kt to B3rd, 3. Q to R3rd, 4. P takes P, 5. Q to Kt3rd, 6. Q takes P, 7. P to K B3rd, &c.

8. P takes P	Q to Kt5th	25. P to Kt5th	P takes P
9. Kt to B3rd	Kt to K2nd	26. Kt to Q5th (ch)	K to Q sq
10. P to Q4th	P to K R3rd	27. Q to Q4th	
11. B to K2nd	Q to K3rd		Well played. After this Black's game is beyond hope.

The only move to prevent serious loss.

12. P to Q5th	Q to Kt3rd	28. B takes P	Kt to Q2nd
13. Kt to Q4th	P to Kt5th	29. Kt to B6th	Kt to B4th
14. B to K3rd	B to K4th	30. R to Q sq	R to Q sq
15. Q to Q2nd			

Taking the Pawn would have been imprudent. Black would reply K Kt to B3rd with a fine attacking position.

16. P to K R4th		And White mates in four moves, as follows: 31. Kt to Q5th (ch), K to B sq; 32. Q to R sq (ch), Q (interposes); 33. R takes P (ch), K takes Kt; 34. Q mates. A neat finish to a very pretty and lively game.	
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COLORADO SPRINGS.

The dry, bracing atmosphere of Colorado renders the place attractive to all who are in search of rest and recuperation. So highly charged is the air with oxygen that it is like breathing champagne. Sunshine is abundant. Taking the average of recent years at several points of observation, considerably more than half the days were clear and bright; thirty-four were cloudy; and only on eighteen was the sun wholly obscured. Week after week the sky is brilliant, both by day and night. Although summer heat often reaches a hundred in the shade at noon, cool breezes always accompany sunset, and the nights allow refreshing sleep. During the warm weather it seldom rains, but there are brilliant displays of lightning. A few storms usually occur in September, after which cool and charming weather sets in, and the landscape robes itself in enchanting hues. The cold season is from the beginning of January until the middle of April. The mercury sometimes falls twenty degrees below zero, but no discomfort is occasioned, owing to the dryness of the air. It sounds much worse than the reality proves for the thermometer to sink to zero, or beneath it. A few degrees of frost, or even a few above, in a humid climate, are much more trying than the extreme cold in the bracing atmosphere and with the brilliant sky of a place like Denver. The testimony of sight is required to realise it by an inspection of the number of degrees actually marked. The rarefaction makes distant objects appear close at hand, and it is difficult to believe that lofty snow-clad peaks, glistening in the sunshine, are from sixty to seventy miles away, or that hundreds of square miles of prairie are visible on nearly every side.

Colorado has been a favourite health-resort of late years. Medical men are sending pulmonary and bronchial cases there from all parts of the United States. It is said that if this be done in the early stages of consumption there is hope for a considerable prolongation of life, even if an absolute cure be not wrought. Thousands of persons unaffected by organic disease also visit the State every year for invigoration by its light, pure air, amid some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world. Large hotels and sanatoriums have been built, and the number is rapidly increasing. One of the most popular and beautiful of these centres is known as Colorado Springs, seventy-five miles south of the city of Denver. The place is not yet twenty years old, for the first stake was driven in July, 1871. Yet it has grown to be a large and thriving colony. It is free from the objectionable features of many mushroom cities in America, where everybody is left to do exactly as he pleases, with the result of outraging the senses of sight and of smell, and the most elementary rules of taste and beauty. A few wealthy and intelligent men chose the location of the future town, acquired the property, laid it out with an eye to both utility and adornment, and have succeeded in creating a miniature Paradise.

As approached by the railroad, the town stands upon a plateau in the midst of a valley, with the everlasting hills for a background. The main avenues, worthy of being called boulevards, are 140 feet wide, with double roadways separated by rows of trees. Other trees shade the walks on either side, nurtured by streams of limpid water that flow perpetually in deep channels. Many thousands of trees have been planted since the settlement of the colony, and large reservations are set aside for public parks. There are nearly fifty miles of avenues and streets, lined with substantial business blocks, handsome residences, and tasteful cottages. Many of these structures are of considerable architectural pretensions. The public buildings are in keeping with the place. Churches, a college, schools, an opera-house, and benevolent institutions are noteworthy. One of the hotels, The Antlers, is a massive Norman pile, containing every modern convenience and luxury. From the edge of the plateau on which it stands a marvellous panorama is presented. The bold and rugged outlines of Cheyenne Mountain, and the huge red towers that mark the gateway to the Garden of the Gods, seem close at hand. Above them Pike's Peak rears its snow-crowned summit. To the north, in the foreground, are the grey shoulders of the Buttes, and in the distance the pine-covered elevation of the Great Divide. In an easterly direction the prairie fades away into the blue horizon, and on the south-west the Rocky Mountains stand like awful silent sentinels. Until lately, they were, indeed, barriers that seemed insurmountable to human skill, strength, and endurance. Here and there an Indian trail penetrated a short distance within the rocky fastnesses. Now, science and enterprise have forced a way over and through them all.

The town of Colorado Springs lies under the mighty shadow of Pike's Peak. A curious phenomenon is produced in the short autumn days, when the sun drops out of sight behind the crest about four o'clock, with startling suddenness. The afterglow is a magnificent kaleidoscope of clouds, whose forms and hues change every few moments. Within a few miles is an assemblage of varied natural marvels, that may be pronounced unique. Rugged rocks, abyssal gorges, gentle rills, tumultuous mountain streams, cascades and rapids, huge boulders, fair patches of Nature's garniture, distant glimpses of Eden, wild and silent solitudes, mighty pine-trees, a tangled undergrowth, and the varied play of light and shade, all combine to make a wonderful picture, of which the eye never wearies. Physical fatigue seems impossible with the exhilaration induced by the pure air, it only prepares the better for "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." There is a bounding sense of lightness and elasticity. Every inspiration of the lungs is a delight. The jaded nerves and brain find repose and refreshment, and the joy of existence is intense.

Some of the local names are pleasant and musical. A few have Old World associations. Glen Eyrie is the beautiful home of General Palmer, who projected that magnificent engineering work known as the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. Near by is Blair Athol, with its exquisitely tinted pink sandstone. The Devil's Punchbowl is at the head of Queen's Cañon—a deep, rugged, sombre gorge, into which the midday sun penetrates only in the summer season. Other cañons are within a short distance of Colorado Springs. One of the most famous, and at the same time of easy access, is the South Cheyenne Cañon, at the base of the mountain of the same name. A winding trail conducts among and over rocks, between lofty pines, and beside and across the rushing waters of the stream that boils down from the distant summit, covered with snow for a large portion of the year. The narrow gorge ends in a round well, carved out of the granite by the ceaseless action of the water for ages. From this well the water leaps and foams and rushes, in the style of Southey's famous "Lodore," through a series of falls and cascades. On each side the massive walls seem to rise sheer towards the heavens, presenting only a thin line of sky sharply defined by contrast with the red blaze of sandstone in the intense sunlight. Of the character of the mineral springs that abound throughout this district it will be convenient to treat when describing the marvellous spot known by the somewhat fanciful name of "The Garden of the Gods." W. H. S. A.

BROCKWELL PARK, SOUTH LONDON.

There are in South London only four public parks of any consequence — at Battersea, Kennington, Southwark, and Greenwich—and though the new parks at Dulwich and Myatt's-fields, the pleasure-ground recently acquired at Vauxhall, and the commons in the remote suburbs, are made available for popular recreation, this falls short of the necessities of such a thickly populated neighbourhood. The Surrey commons, on the other hand, though beautiful as Nature has made them, lie too far afield, and the greater part of the parishes of Camberwell, Newington, Southwark, Lambeth, and Streatham is much in need of ground conveniently situated, easy of access for a large population, suitable for the purposes of a park, and purchasable at a reasonable price.

Brockwell Park appears fully to satisfy these conditions. Its position, at the junction of several converging lines of conveyance for passengers, is a strong point in its favour. Its main entrance lies opposite Herne Hill railway-station; in the other direction the park stretches close up to the Tulse Hill station of the London, Brighton, and South Coast and the London and South-Western lines. There is thus railway communication with almost every part of South London; certainly with the whole of that densely peopled area within the triangle lying between Tulse Hill, Victoria Station, and London Bridge. There is also a tramway line from Herne Hill to Camberwell-green, in one direction, and to Vauxhall in the other, so that there is every facility of access for persons who might find the distance too great for walking—an advantage possessed by Brockwell Park in perhaps a greater degree than by any other park in the metropolis.

The park, as a whole, contains upwards of 130 acres, but the owner, Mr. Joshua J. B. Blackburn, proposes to retain nearly half the area, and offers the remaining seventy-eight acres at £1500 an acre. He has allowed the committee six months to raise the sum of £120,000 required. The Charity Commissioners have granted £25,000. The London County Council and the South London Vestries will also contribute. It

would be difficult to obtain anywhere a piece of ground so admirably adapted for a park, so well timbered, with such diversified features, such charming vistas of landscape, including a real rookery suggestive of rural peace, within a short distance of the turmoil of town life. The price at which the ground is offered is an exceptionally moderate one, and compares favourably with the £4300 per acre paid for the Vauxhall Park, or the £4000 per acre which it is proposed to pay for the Raleigh House site in the immediate neighbourhood of Brockwell Park. It is even considerably below the prices which have actually been paid for building land in the vicinity less favourably situated for speculative purposes.

Within the last few days the Bishop of Llandaff has received two donations of £1000 each towards church extension in the diocese.

Mr. Frederick Mead, of the South-Eastern circuit, and senior prosecuting counsel for the Treasury at the London Sessions and Central Criminal Court, has been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate in succession to Mr. John Paget.

The large west window in Holy Trinity Church, Shoreditch, has been filled with stained glass from the studios of Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich and London. The window consists of four lights, with a trefoil above, and represents the twelve Apostles. The same firm has also executed the east window in the church, the subject of which is the Crucifixion.

The Rev. J. J. H. S. Pennington, M.A., Rector of St. Clement Danes, W.C., appeals for some lay help in his densely populated parish. He writes as follows: "We have some nine thousand poor people, many of them half dead by the wayside from spiritual starvation. The clergy and those resident in the parish do their utmost; but we need lady district-visitors, earnest young men and women to help in our Sunday-schools, to hold classes, and to interest themselves in the work of raising those who are sunken in the depths of moral degradation."

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

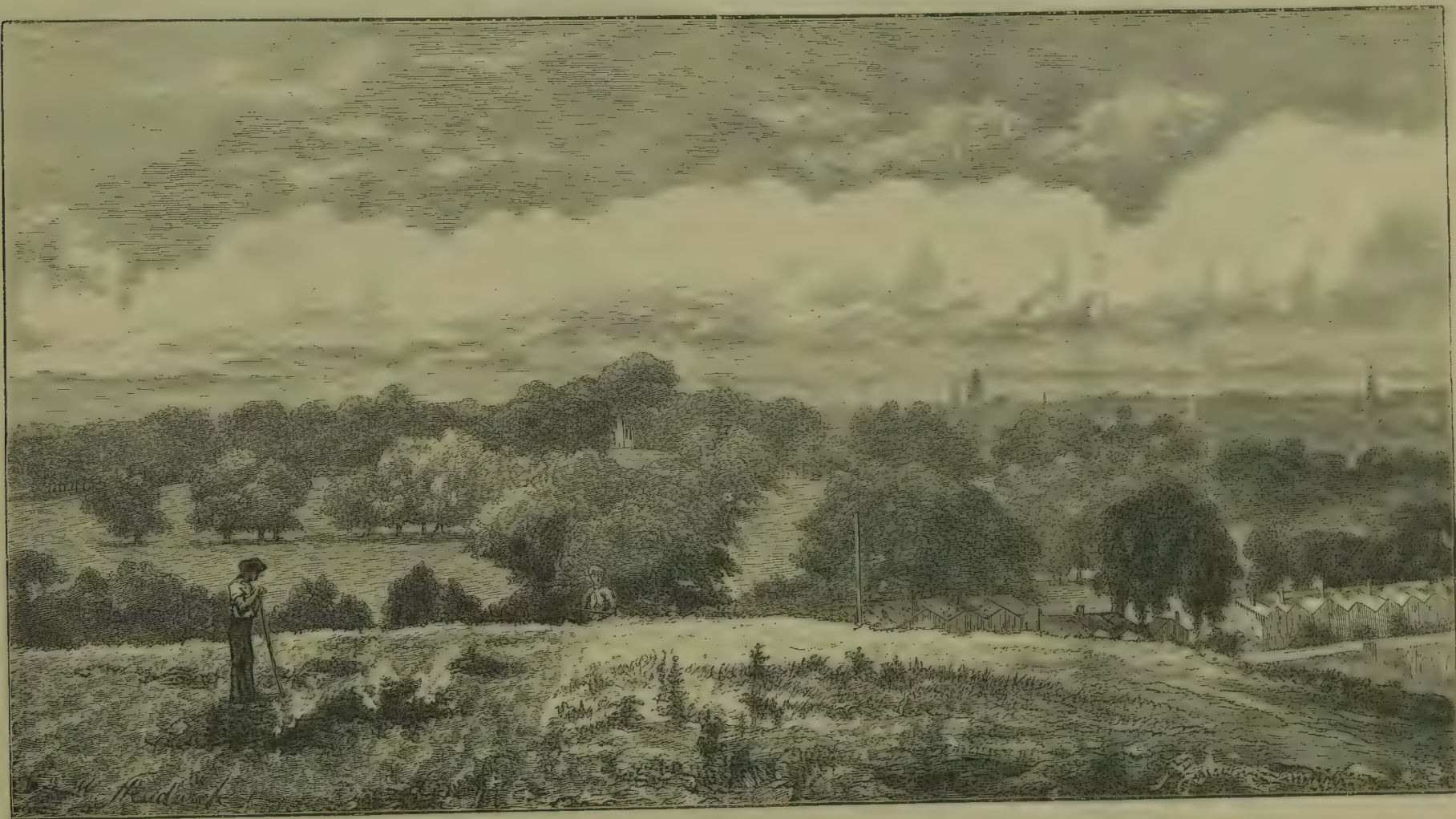
Of all great English poets Wordsworth may, I think, be accounted the most fortunate. The lines fell to him in pleasant places, and, if it be objected that at first the stars fought against him in the shape of unappreciative critics, the misfortune was not sufficient to disturb his serenity of spirit. "The man must be enviably happy," said Shelley, "whom reviews can make miserable"; and Wordsworth was "enviably happy." He was blessed with the largest confidence in himself and in his mission as a poet, with great physical strength, and with a position in exact harmony with his aims in one of the loveliest spots in England. In his earlier years he was forced to practise great frugality, but he never felt "plain living" a hardship; and when, as a married man, his needs increased, so also did his income. And he was pre-eminently blessed in his "womankind." Mrs. Wordsworth's unruffled sweetness of nature, her refinement and gentleness, filled his home with sunshine; and if he lost his only daughter too early, there could be no thought of Dora that did not bring with it the fragrance of a rare and beautiful spirit.

As a poet, however, Wordsworth's greatest debt was due to his sister, Dorothy, and in all our literature there is, I think, no example of a brother and sister linked together so closely in love and purpose.

She was a woman of the keenest sensibilities, alive to every human emotion and to every beauty of nature, and, although she might have made a name for herself in literature, she chose what seemed to her the better part, of living for the service of her brother. All readers of the poet will remember how beautifully he has recognised the services rendered to him by his "dear, dear sister"—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

It was not perhaps until Mr. Knight published his copious biography of the poet and his annotated edition of the works



BROCKWELL PARK, NEAR HERNE HILL AND DULWICH, TO BE PURCHASED FOR THE PUBLIC RECREATION.

that the largeness of Wordsworth's gain from his sister's poetical insight was generally recognised. Years before, however, Professor Shairp had pointed out that "his poems are sometimes little more than poetic versions of her descriptions of the objects which she had seen," and it is true that in several instances the vision was seen by her in the first case that her brother afterwards glorified in verse.

From this wonderful sister of his Wordsworth, no doubt unwittingly, exacted far too much. At one time, in the days of poverty at Grasmere, Dorothy did all the household work, and at all times to her woman's work, which, according to the proverb, is never done, she added the task of writing out her brother's poems and of accompanying him in the long and exhausting walks which wrecked her constitution long before the arrival of old age.

"The Wordsworths," it was said, "never dine: when they are hungry they go to a cupboard and eat;" and Professor Knight observes that the records in Dorothy's journal (which he has not published) showing how the long mountain walks and the irregular meals injured her health are most pathetic, and he adds: "While her ministry of service to her brother is one of the most beautiful things recorded in the annals of literature, it may surely be said that the brother should not have accepted so much, and should have noted the injury she was inflicting on herself. But if she had not thus injured herself we should probably not now possess some of the poems that are richest in teaching and healing power for posterity."

Coleridge has described in vivid language his impressions of Miss Wordsworth. "Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me," he wrote in 1797. "She is a woman indeed! in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such, that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive," and he adds that her eye was "watchful in minutest observation of Nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer." Next to his sister, Coleridge exercised the largest influence on Wordsworth, and how much the magical power of the most musical of poets and most wayward of men was felt by Dorothy may be seen again and again in her journals. To her far more, it is to be feared, than to Mrs. Coleridge

he poured forth his sorrows, and great was the womanly sympathy she yielded in return. The distance of thirteen or fourteen miles between Grasmere and Keswick did not hinder her from often going there on foot or on horseback, and, after returning one winter's night, she wrote: "Every sight and every sound reminded me of Coleridge—dear, dear fellow—of his many talks to us by day and by night, of all dear things. . . . Oh, how many, many reasons have I to be anxious for him!" Indeed, every aspect of nature, gloomy or cheerful, recalls the thought of "poor Coleridge" to this imaginative and sympathetic woman. And this sympathy was felt also by her, as by her brother, with every natural object. Her Grasmere journal is full of the most exquisite remarks on Nature and on our "fellow-mortals" birds and animals. She notes the blackbird sitting quietly in its nest, rocked by the wind and beaten by the rain; the little birds busy making love and pecking the blossoms and bits of moss off the trees; the moonlight that lay upon the hills like snow; the colours of the mountains, soft and rich with orange fern; the birch-tree, with all its tender twigs yielding to the gusty wind when the sun shone on it, like a flying sunshiny shower. Again and again we recognise the source of the poet's verse, as, for instance, when she writes: "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing." And in the following entry: "I found a strawberry blossom in a rock. The little slender flower had more courage than the green leaves, for they were but half expanded and half grown; and the blossom was spread full out. I uprooted it rashly, and I felt as if I had been committing an outrage." The charming pictures drawn by Dorothy Wordsworth's delicate hand, and afterwards done into verse by her brother, might readily be multiplied. Utterly forgetful of self, she was content to minister to his genius.

It is interesting to read how this sister maintained for the poet "a saving intercourse" with his true self at the crisis of his moral and intellectual life, and how for him

Her voice was like a hidden brook that sang,
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship;

but, with all her attractions, most men, I think, would prefer Mary Wordsworth as a wife to her more emotional and nature-loving sister-in-law. In his famous lines written near Tintern Abbey, Wordsworth speaks of the shooting-lights of Dorothy's wild eyes, and De Quincey writes of her as being "all fire," and of the tremulous excitement and the ungracefulness of manner which distinguished her from the serenity and lady-like gentleness of Mary. Yet one does not like to say a single word in disparagement of a woman so sincere, so natural, so free from thoughts of self and altogether so admirable as Dorothy Wordsworth.

Never did any man owe more to a sister's love than Wordsworth, and it is touching to read of his thoughtful care of her in the days when mind and body were a wreck. In a beautiful poem, written in 1805, Wordsworth anticipated for his sister a happy home as wife and mother, and an old age lovely as a Lapland night; but this was not to be. She died in her brother's house at Rydal Mount, in her eighty-fourth year, but long before the end came the mind had lost its power. It is pleasant, however, to think of this warm-hearted and gifted woman resting by the dear ones she loved best in Grasmere Churchyard.

J. D.

Letters patent have been passed under the Great Seal granting a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the Royal Historical Society, of which her Majesty is patron.

The Queen has conferred the Albert Medal of the Second Class upon Mr. Thomas Chapman, pitman, of the Drakewalls Mine, Calstock, Cornwall, for gallantry in saving life on the occasion of an accident at that mine on Feb. 5 last.

The marriage of the Hon. Edward A. H. Nelson, fourth son of Earl Nelson, with Geraldine, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry H. Cave, of the Manor House, Brigg, Lincolnshire, took place at the Catholic Church at Brigg on Aug. 7. The bride was given away by her father.

At Rydal Church, Ambleside, recently were married Mr. C. Macalister Macdonald, of Kincorth House, Forbes, and Miss Margaret Walker Wordsworth, second daughter of the Bishop of St. Andrews. Miss Wordsworth was given away by her brother, the church being tastefully decorated with moss, water-lilies, and other white flowers.



PRINCESS MELITZA OF MONTENEGRO.



THE GRAND DUKE PETER NICOLAIEVITCH OF RUSSIA.

THE IMPERIAL MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

IMPERIAL WEDDING IN RUSSIA.

The marriage of Princess Melitza, second daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, with the Grand Duke Peter, son of the Grand Duke Nicholas, took place on Aug. 7 at the Imperial Palace of Peterhof. All the members of the Russian Imperial family, as well as Prince Nikita, Prince Danilo, and the bride's younger sister, Princess Anastasia, were present at the wedding, which was conducted with much ceremony. The foreign diplomatists in St. Petersburg and the high Russian functionaries received invitations. At three o'clock in the afternoon a salute of twenty-one guns announced the Imperial marriage procession from the private apartments of the palace, headed by the Emperor and the Empress, preceded by long files of masters of the ceremonies and gentlemen of the chamber. On arriving at the chapel in the palace, the usual religious marriage service was gone through, ending with a Te Deum, accompanied by another artillery salute of 101 guns, fired in the park. The marriage ceremonies and fêtes were restricted entirely to Peterhof, and conducted as quietly as possible, without any State entry into either St.

Petersburg or Peterhof, chiefly on account of the serious illness of the Grand Duke Constantine. In the evening a grand wedding banquet took place in the palace at Peterhof, at which the usual toasts were given, followed by salvoes of artillery. All the members of the Imperial family were present, with their Royal and Princely guests. The Ambassadors of the United Kingdom, Greece, Denmark, and Germany were invited to the Imperial table. It was announced that the bride's sister, Princess Anastasia of Montenegro, is engaged to Prince George, Duke of Leuchtenberg, a widower, who is a connection of the Imperial family of Russia.

Professor Max Müller, in his second lecture on the Science of Language, at Oxford, said: "If carefully studied, language disclosed a simplicity more wonderful even than its supposed complexity. The science of language, better than any other science, taught them their true position in the world. Take away language, and man was lower than the dumb animals of the field and of the forest. If the feeling of fraternity between the principal languages of Europe could only claim a scientific and literary interest, it had produced very practical results in

other quarters. The feeling between the white and black man was deeply engrained in human nature, and, in spite of all the arguments in support of our common humanity, it was not to be wondered at that the dark people of India should look upon their white conquerors as strangers, and that the white rulers of India should treat their dark subjects as people of another kind. That feeling seemed almost unconquerable till the discovery of Sanskrit proved beyond all manner of doubt that the languages spoken by the dark inhabitants of India must have sprung from the same source as Greek, Latin, and English. The name Indo-European marked not only a new epoch in the study of language, it ushered in a new period in the history of the world. It might freely be affirmed that the discovery of the Sanskrit language and literature had been of more value to England in the retention and increase of the Indian Empire than an army of a hundred thousand men. There were many more lessons which this science had still in store for them. What was wanted were patient and honest labourers, and it was in hope of gaining fresh recruits that he had ventured to invite them to listen to his pleading."



COAL MINING IN CHILE: PIER AT LARAQUETE—SHIPS LOADING WITH COAL.



HEAD OF THE ARAUCO COAL MINE, NEAR CORONEL, CHILE.



INCLINE FROM HEAD OF NO. 2 SHAFT, ARAUCO MINE.

THE ARAUCO COAL MINES, CHILE.

The accompanying sketches were made during a trip to view the coal-mines of the Arauco Railway Company, situated at Maquegua and Quilachauquin, in the vicinity of Coronel, on the coast of Chile. Leaving the last-mentioned port in a steam-launch, the party skirted the coast as far as Laraquete, passing, en route, the town of Lota, the seat of an important mining and smelting industry. This place, Lota, of which a view is given, is also noteworthy for the magnificent gardens attached to the chateau of Madame Cousiño, the chief shareholder in the Lota Company. Laraquete is at present the shipping port of the Arauco Railway, pending its extension to the more sheltered haven of Colcura. It has, as may be seen by the view in our illustration, a spacious roadstead, usually alive with shipping, to which the coal from the mines is conveyed by means of lighters freighted from the extensive wooden pier running seaward. From Laraquete the line, after passing through a track of cultivated country, presenting features not unlike those of some parts of Normandy, with a stretch of upland pasture, reaches the mines of Maquegua. The first pit, shown in our sketches of the coal-mines, is that known as the Pique Carlos. The coal here outcrops on the surface, and is worked by a drift driven directly into it, so that the seam is actually visible from outside. The seam, which is five feet thick, runs to the right and left into the mountain, and appears to be practically inexhaustible. The second pit shown is the Pique Tronco, which works the same seam; the two, conjointly, turning out at present about 230 tons of coal per day. Both pits have their village settlements of wooden huts, inhabited by the miners and their families. From the vicinity of the Pique Tronco Pit the line is carried up an inclined plane, and is continued to the Quilachauquin mines, which yield an equally great amount of coal.

TIES IN CHESS TOURNAMENTS.

In chess tournaments there is no question which causes more friction, and upon which there is to be found so great a variety of opinion, as that of the "draws" in daily play. The fact that no less than three variations of rule on this point have been seen in operation during recent tournaments shows that views which find favour in one quarter are not, remarks

the *Field*, held to be satisfactory in others. In the British tournament of 1883 the rule was that drawn games had to be played thrice on any one round before either player should be allowed to score the half-point. At the late American tournament two draws operated to the same effect (on the second round); and in a tournament just completed at Breslau one draw, as is common in tournaments of only one round, was allowed to settle the scores of that particular rencontre between two players. Those who differ in opinion as to the equity of the various codes above quoted, look at the question from different points of view as to what is the desideratum; and, so long as this is the case, unity of opinion as to the practice can hardly be expected.

As regards the effects of the various systems, there can hardly be a difference in opinion. It stands to reason that the more prolonged a struggle is, the more likelihood is there that the better player will have the best of it. No one plays chess faultlessly: the greatest strategist is he who makes the fewest blunders; so, while it may happen that the best player of the lot makes a fatal slip, or wastes a win, against the weakest in one given game, still, upon the doctrine of averages, there is less chance of a series of such errors at the hands of the better, than at those of the weaker, players. We can, therefore, easily realise the position of those who argue for the triple, or at least dual, draw systems. Their view is that the tournament is made for the best men of the moment, to be as far as possible a test of immediate merit, and as little as possible a matter of fluke. And yet the advocates of the one-draw system have also a strong case. The weaker players (who swell the ranks as a majority among a minority of cracks) are, of themselves, a useful ingredient towards testing the merits of those same cracks. A round between the four or five premier players alone would be more likely to produce a fluky result, where every game had so large an effect upon a small possible total, than a round in which iron and steel compete together, producing a larger total score. The best player who comes out with the highest all-round score may not have made the best score as among the actual prize-winners; supposing that the scores made against all non-prize winners were eliminated: e.g., at the late American tournament Mason's score as against leaders was inferior to none; where he lost ground was against the

weaker players. Another argument against the plural-draw system is the prolongation of time which it entails. Many weak players are ready to enter on the forlorn chance of winning one of the tail prizes, and in the hope of self-improvement by contact with the greater men; but expenditure of £ s. d. and delay are more serious to them than to those who can count with strong probability on some win or other to recoup their outlay in journey and sojourn in strange towns.

EMIGRATION AND IMMIGRATION.

The Select Committee on Emigration and Immigration (Foreigners) have concluded their deliberations and agreed upon their report. They recommend that measures should be adopted to ascertain with accuracy the number of aliens that remain in the country, and to secure a complete annual record of the number of aliens, steerage and deck passengers, arriving and departing at the ports of the United Kingdom from and to ports in Europe, and also of similar passengers arriving at British ports not in possession of through tickets to other countries. On the motion of Mr. S. Smith a rider was added to the report expressing the opinion that while the Committee saw great difficulties in the way of enforcing laws similar to those of the United States and certain other countries against the importation of paupers and destitute aliens, and while they were not prepared to recommend such legislation at present, they contemplate the possibility of such legislation becoming necessary in the future, in view of the crowded condition of our great towns, the extreme pressure for existence among the poorer part of the population, and the tendency of destitute foreigners to reduce still lower the social and material condition of our own poor. Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Cremer, and Mr. Montagu voted against this rider, which was carried by five to four.

Rear-Admiral Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station, has been appointed Second Naval Lord of the Admiralty.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, the new Governor of Cape Colony, in succession to Sir Hercules Robinson, has left London for Victoria, to take leave of the authorities and his numerous friends before proceeding to Cape Town.



LOTA, BETWEEN ARAUCO AND CORONEL, ON THE COAST OF CHILE.

WHY NOT BOHEMIA?

The sad complaint of the modern tourist is that the world is all alike; that custom and costume, quaint usages, and picturesque dresses are all swept away; and that one may as well walk down Fleet-street as through the Graben at Vienna for any pleasure to the eye in variation of dress to be found in the latter street. In Switzerland or in Norway, in Athens or in Stockholm, the tourist meets the same type of personage, and sees but little to light the eye with the pleasurable sensation of freshness or beauty. But Bohemia is truly an undiscovered country: and here, in this tiny mountain-circled land, almost every type of enjoyment that the thoughtful tourist longs for is to be had.

Every grade of temperature can be lived in, from the clear, sharp, health-giving pure atmosphere of the mountain slopes, whose summits are ever white with snow, to the heat of the low valley, level plain, or hot, sun-burnt walls of picturesque cities. And the pleasure-loving tourist, the seeker after gaiety and brightness, can even in tiny villages enjoy his music and dancing; and listen to some company of strolling players who shall prove to him they are actors born—not made.

It is supposed to be a difficult matter to get to Bohemia, by those who look lightly upon a run to Italy; but arrive at Dresden and there remains but the charming run up a river that surpasses all other European rivers for varied beauty of scenery. Elbe scenery never tires. It is a constant succession of surprises. From the mighty palisades that would force Americans to own their Hudson less imposing, to the distant circling mountains, or the nearer undulating slopes; rich in spring-time with the blossom of cherry and apricot, and the tender foliage of the graceful birch, that lights up the sombre stretches of dark pine—from these natural beauties to the raft-life on the river or the pleasant village-life on the banks, the eye wanders and is satisfied; for beauty is of diverse forms. And as the borders of Bohemia are neared the "figure-studies" begin to wear the bright colours only seen in Bohemia. Rare at first, for the villagers on the river banks are mostly German, as on the Danube, and its shores must be left to see truly the brilliant colours of Bohemian peasant dress.

As the river is ascended, standing out upon a rock pile that juts out, commanding ascent and descent of the river, is the first ruined pile of a Bohemian robber stronghold, with a suitable name—Schreckenstein, "the stone of fear." Rearing up its dilapidated but yet picturesque walls, this castle gives one an idea of the power of the river marauders who held it, and it forms a fitting gateway into a country such as North Bohemia, where ruined castles cap scores of mountains.

The mountains, being of conical basaltic and sandstone formation, lend themselves to these half-hidden strongholds; and the weird legends and real history connected with them—the tales of outrage and rapine, love and plunder, murder of the most devilish types, and bravery oftentimes of the maddest temper—build up stories that for excitement put to shame the shilling shocker of a murder-reading age.

Many of these castles, such as this Schreckenstein, were held by the great Bohemian families—the Wartenbergs and Rosenbergs, the Waldsteins (now written by us Wallensteins) and others; such are the romantic heights with picturesque ruins of Tollenstein and Oybin, Trosky, magnificent Bösig, and Waldstein, and the isolated peak of what is now called the Roll: a castle that figured in Hussite days as Raskoll, a name that still clings to it; for the present Countess of Wallenstein corrected the writer when speaking of this height, and explained it was this same castle of Raskoll that was meant. The unique rock-fortress of Bergstein, a castle hewn out of the solid isolated mountain pile of sandstone, was a lesser stronghold, and truly a robber's nest.

It is curious to note that in North Bohemia most of these castles are in ruins; but their fearful isolated Hunger-towers are sometimes yet erect and unopened, wherein the enemies of the whilom lord starved on, mutilated or intact as that lord chose; whereas in Southern Bohemia a large number of these castles have been added to, rebuilt, and are now the homes and historical museums of the present ruling families of the country—the Rosenbergs (now become the Schwarzenbergs), the Wallensteins, the Thuns, and others; and great care is now bestowed upon the historic records of the past, so that a visit to these castles is an interesting peep into the period when Bohemia made the history of Europe; and when it was, as Shakespeare described it, a country "near the sea"; "desert" in some parts and "fair Bohemia" in others, for its borders stretched out beyond its present encircling mountains. In fact, this ancient Kingdom once owned a small piece of seacoast at the head of the Adriatic.

In driving through this country, perhaps by the side of the swift-rushing Moldau or the poetic banks of the Sazawa, the groups of peasantry "compose" themselves in their bright colours in such groups as but few artists could attain. Every colour is there, and in such towns as Pilsen the grouping is of such brilliancy that it suggests the brightest of modern cathedral glass; whilst in Budweis the hues are changed: soft subdued tones are used by all, though the same colours; and the great square of Budweis, filled with its market people grouping themselves under the arched arcades that surround the square, or around the patient oxen that lie or stand about near the awning-covered waggons or framed arched carts, reminds one in colour—so tender is it—of the rich, soft hues of such glass as one sees in Chartres or Rouen Cathedrals. And one can look on all this subject matter of interest and feel utter astonishment at the fact that few English tourists visit the district. Our little party were said to be the first English who had visited many Bohemian historic spots; and a lengthy and careful look through visitors' books confirmed this, for no English names could be seen.

And yet it is not only in scenery and historic towns and castles that Bohemia interests, but in her people: highly industrious they are, yet greatly pleasure-loving. *La vie de Bohême* is a jovial life in spite of its hard work. Even their funerals they make strangely attractive by the bands of music, lighted torches, and bright colours that accompany them; and the passionate love of dancing, though carried to excess, makes one wish somewhat of this gaiety could be infused into our own workpeople, whose hours of labour are so different.

The Bohemians cling much to old custom, and one of the strangest sights wherewith to finish a day's exploring some mountain fastness is to see on all the surrounding hills flaming fires burst out, and fires that flit and move about; inexplicable at first, for they light up all round, and on every height, and move about and fly through the air; but the explanation comes that it is St. John's Day, or May night (April 30); and the young men of the villages are driving away the witches. It is the "Hexenfeuer" they are burning. All the old besoms have been dipped in pitch and set flaming, and are hurled through the air, or carried about, until the witches are scared from the place.

Bohemia is a curious combination of clinging to old custom and high culture; for their schools, especially their technical schools, are excellent, and their art-work world-famed. And the student of history will have subject for rich thought as he walks through such towns as strangely interesting Kutenberg; or through Leitmeritz, where, as in our Sketch, is upreared

still the sign of the chalice in the shape of a tower—the same sign that the victorious Bohemians set up on the banners of their Ambassadors as they went in triumph to the Council of Basel. And as he dives into their history he will find that the part Englishmen played in the Hussite struggle has been strangely ignored by our historians, and noble names of our own countrymen have been utterly forgotten.

Truly, Bohemia is a land full of interest. From the mountain slopes of the snow-covered Giant Mountains down to the great flood of the Danube stream, whence the traveller can be borne on in comfortable steamers into picturesque Hungary, the whole country is crowded with subject matter of the highest interest, and the marvel is that it can be said in 1889, as it was to the writer in many towns, "No Englishman has ever been here."

J. B.

EDUCATION.

The Report of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education for the year 1888 states that on Aug. 31, 1888, there were 19,328 day schools under separate management on the list for inspection, and claiming annual grants. These 19,328 schools contained 29,220 departments, under separate head teachers, with accommodation for 5,385,643 scholars; the number of scholars on the registers was 4,714,026, and the average number in attendance 3,633,094. While the increase of the population during the year is estimated at 1.35 per cent, the accommodation has increased by 77,562 school places (or 1.47 per cent); the scholars on the registers by 52,326 (1.13 per cent); the average attendance by 87,586 (2.48 per cent). The local effort which has resulted in this improvement may be measured by the continued support derived from voluntary contributions (£745,916 against £743,737 last year), and by an advance in the contributions from rates to the maintenance of Board schools from £1,194,900 to £1,231,787. The school pence have risen from £1,833,985 to £1,861,705. The annual Government grants to elementary day schools rose in the year from £3,071,547 to £3,166,110, or from 17s. 5d. to 17s. 6½d. per scholar in average attendance. The night-schools examined during the year were 980 in number; 33,300 scholars above twelve years of age were, on an average, in attendance each night; 41,723 scholars were qualified by attendance for examination. Of these, 30,405 were actually examined, and out of every 100 scholars so examined 95.57 passed in reading, 78.62 in writing, and 54.62 in arithmetic. The additional subjects of examination were taken in 342 schools by 9332 scholars, of whom 5915 passed, 1420 of them in two subjects.

CHINESE BANKS.

A section of the latest report of the British Consul-General in Shanghai is devoted to native banks, which, he says, contribute greatly to the commercial prosperity of that port. Few of the local Chinese banks possess a capital of more than £10,000 or £15,000. The expenses are small; but every employé, down to the lowest coolie, has a share in the annual division of profits. Some banks disappear after an unsuccessful season, but several are closely associated in business, and aid one another in difficulties. The number of banks which open their doors after the New Year's holidays is regarded as a test of the business prospects of the year. On the festival of the Chinese Plutus, which took place this year on Feb. 4, thirty-two local banks opened, as against twenty-eight last year. This is exclusive of nineteen Shansi banks, and numerous money-changers. The business of the local banks is to receive deposits at interest and to advance money to traders of good repute. By previous arrangement customers are allowed to draw against their accounts either by orders payable to bearer on due dates, which must not exceed ten days, or by cheques payable to a person named therein, or to bearer. Drafts are also granted on some of the principal centres of trade in the adjoining districts; but this is not a leading feature with the local, as it is with the Shansi, banks. The latter have branches and agencies throughout the country. The Shansi bankers lend money to local banks, but not to private traders. They also lend to officials to enable them to make certain necessary payments before taking up their appointments. Referring to the trustworthiness of the best native bankers and merchants, which "is well known," Mr. Hughes quotes the following observations from a foreign bank manager in Shanghai: "I know," said this gentleman, "of no people in the world I would sooner trust than the Chinese merchant or banker. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, but to show that I have good reason for making such a strong statement, I may mention that for the last twenty-five years the bank (i.e., the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation) has been doing a very large business with Chinese in Shanghai, amounting, I should say, to hundreds of millions of taels, and we have never met with a defaulting Chinaman."

The Rev. Canon Saumarez Smith, Principal of St. Aidan's Theological College, Birkenhead, has accepted the Bishopric of Sydney.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have left London for Scotland, where they will spend the summer vacation, and they will return to the Mansion House about the middle of September. During the Lord Mayor's absence the duties of the Mayoralty will be discharged by Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., and afterwards by Sir Andrew Lusk.

An influential committee has just been formed in London to promote the interests of the Glasgow University Students' Union Bazaar. It comprises the names of the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Stair, Sir Francis Sandford, Professor Bryce, M.P., Dr. Cameron, M.P., Dr. J. A. Campbell, M.P., the Rev. P. H. Aitken, the Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, Drs. D. W. Finlay and Norman Kerr, and others, with Mr. J. R. McIlraith, barrister-at-law, 2, Essex-court, Temple, E.C., as secretary and treasurer, to whom all subscriptions should be sent.

Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, Oxford-street, have submitted to us their new registered "Simplex Racquet Sac," containing in the narrowest compass racquet, one pair of tennis shoes, and six tennis balls. The case, which is of balloon shape, leaving the handle of the racquet exposed, is made of stout brown waterproof material, the edges of which are neatly bound with leather. An inner compartment into which the bat slides effectually prevents its contact with the other articles, and a handle at the side makes the case handy to carry.

Several cricket-matches came off on Aug. 7. Surrey won their match at the Oval against Nottinghamshire by 134 runs, this being the first time during the present season that the Midland county has suffered defeat. At Canterbury, Kent gained a single-innings victory over Middlesex, with 55 runs to spare. Warwickshire defeated Leicestershire at Leicester by 19 runs; and at Southampton, Hampshire beat Somersetshire by six wickets. The Surrey cricketers added another to their list of victories on the 10th by winning the match with Middlesex by an innings and 74 runs. The match between Kent and Gloucestershire, at Canterbury, was left drawn, owing to rain, but the score stood greatly in favour of Kent.

A SKETCH IN SWAZILAND.

The geographical position of the different settled provinces, and of the adjacent Native States, in the eastern region of South Africa, should by this time be known to ordinary newspaper readers. To the north of Zululand, now under British dominion, the interior highlands, beyond the limits of the Transvaal Republic, are inhabited by the Swazis, a warlike nation of Kaffir race, who occupy the valleys of the Usutu or Maputa, the Umbelozu, and the Komati rivers. The Kaap gold-fields, and other rich auriferous districts, are so near Swaziland, if not in the territory claimed by this nation, that to miners whose headquarters are at Barberton, the friendly disposition of the Swazis is of much importance. They are willing to earn money by various services, and a little trade has commenced.

Our Correspondent's Sketch represents a store in Swaziland. These places, which are few and far between, serve as roadside inns, and the tired traveller, after a long ride, is only too glad to make the best of the very rough accommodation offered. In general, the natives are very independent, so long as they can raise sufficient grain to supply their own wants.

WAR DANCE OF ZANZIBAR TROOPS.

The small army of the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, whose actual dominion is now confined to the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, consists mainly of soldiers raised from the Wasuaheli race of East African negroes, who inhabit the neighbouring coast for a thousand miles between Somaliland and Mozambique. They are rather ugly people, of a dusky brown colour, with crisp black hair, and their figures are not well made. All the tribes have long since been converted to the Mohammedan religion. Dancing and singing, their favourite entertainments, are accompanied by the music of the "Ngoma Khu," a huge drum formed of a hollowed piece of the stem of a cocoa-tree, closed at the ends with leather, which is lustily thumped with the drumsticks; also the "Siwa" and "Zimari," pipes of ebony, the former one of great length, used alternately by the same performer. With these and other instruments, tom-toms, cows' horns, lutes, and fiddles of a single string, the native African warriors contrive to get up a big noise, when they exhibit such a Kiroboto dance as is shown in our correspondent's Sketch. Brandishing their long swords and matchlock firearms in the most terrific manner, they go through a series of combined gesticulations, expressing the mutual defiance, the combat, the victory, and the slaughter of the vanquished, like other war-dances of barbarous nations all over the world.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The fiftieth anniversary of this society was held in the gardens on Aug. 10, Mr. John Birkett, F.L.S., in the chair. The reports of the council and committee of auditors for the year were read. From these it appears that, though the competition of the present is more severe than at any previous time in its history, the year has been a very successful one. The accounts submitted show a gratifying increase in every branch of revenue over the last and for several previous years. The number of fellows elected—viz., 109—is above the average, and the receipts from the various exhibitions amount to £4022 6s., making, with subscriptions, &c., a sum total of £7378 13s. 7d., or an excess over last year of above £2000.

In addition to the usual exhibitions and evening fêtes, a special fête to celebrate the society's fiftieth year was organised, taking the form of a floral carriage parade and rose fête, and, notwithstanding the novelty of the idea, proved a complete success, being honoured by the Prince and Princess of Wales and family, and eight thousand of the fellows and friends. It is to be hoped that the idea may flourish and flowers become more and more used in public and family festivals.

In the more scientific work of the society the same improvement is seen—744 students have received free admissions of from one to three months each, and 42,000 specimens of plants and flowers cut for study and examinations by the various colleges, hospitals, and medical schools in London. The collections of medicinal, economic, and interesting plants have been largely increased, and their usefulness added to by more favourable disposition and greater space being granted them, while the society's published quarterly record affords a convenient means of bringing before the public the information it is continually receiving upon subjects connected with economic botany and the commercial pursuits allied to it. By the retirement of Professor Bentley from the post of lecturer, the scheme of lectures has been altered. Instead of a connected series, various lectures by well-known professors have been given in the museum embracing the chief departments of economic and biological botany. These having been well received, the council hope to continue them next year.

The Duke of Teck and Mr. H. L. Antrobus were re-elected president and treasurer, and the meeting closed with unanimous thanks to the president, council, and executive officers.

THE TONGA ISLANDERS.

The British Vice-Consul at Nukualofa, in the Tonga Islands, in his last report refers to the population, and observes that although no census has been taken, it is believed that, like other South Sea aboriginal races when brought into contact with civilisation, with settled forms of government, and missionary effort, the Tongans are decreasing. A severe epidemic of a bronchial character carried off a large number in the spring of last year. They are very subject to lung diseases, and a great number die of consumption. The custom of attending religious services before daylight and leaving warm blankets, either on a rainy morning or with a heavy dew on the grass, with the thermometer perhaps at 50 deg., is not calculated to lessen the evil. The only "public works" carried out last year (no accounts of which are published) were the enlargement of the King's palace, a peal of bells in the King's chapel, a clock in the steeple of the King's church, and two houses for the Assembly. The latter, it is curious to note, meet and legislate in secret. The Courts of Justice show no improvement; they administer justice so called, but their proceedings are characterised by a disregard of what we call justice, and by a strong political and religious bias. The Magistrates, speaking generally, are prejudiced, and are the tools of those from whom they get their appointments. British subjects seldom or never seek their aid. Trade is improving, owing to the absence of political, social, or religious turmoil. Copra forms more than ninety per cent of the exports.

The Bank rate was raised on Aug. 8 to 3 per cent, while the quotation of discount in the open market advanced to 2½ per cent.

Dr. King, the Bishop of Lincoln, has been made president of a movement which has been started in Lincoln for the erection and establishment, at a cost of from £6000 to £8000, of a Church house and institute. A central site has already been purchased, at a cost of some £2000, by a gentleman interested in the movement.



A STORE IN SWAZILAND, SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.



WAR-DANCE OF THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR'S IRREGULAR TROOPS.

SKETCH BY MR. W. CHURCHILL.

"DETAILS."

The other day I met my friend Carmine—a rising young artist of what is called, I believe, the Impressionist school. He was fresh from the exhibitions, and loud in his praise of a certain picture by a certain well-known but eccentric "master." It was distinguished, he said, by its "bold handling," its "grasp," its "vigour": the subject was told with the most wonderful "breadth"—no petty, insignificant details diverted the spectator's attention from the principal "motive," and so on. We all know the jargon that does duty for art-criticism: did not Sterne satirise it a century and a half ago? After he had exhausted his encomiastic eloquence, he wrung my hand, and with an emphatic recommendation to me to see this *chef-d'œuvre*, which, he said, would appeal to my imagination—I felt flattered at the implied suggestion that I had one—he muttered "Adieu," and rushed off, leaving me in doubt whether a picture without "details" could be so interesting as he seemed to think it. And thus I was led into some general reflections on the value and importance of those particulars which my friend Carmine so airily pooh-poohed.

To my thinking, the interest of anything—of everything—lies mainly in its "details." We can form no notion of a flower without referring to its calyx, corolla, petals, sepals, stamens, pistils—the various component parts which make the flower what it is. In a beautiful landscape, to seize upon its larger and more conspicuous features is not difficult, even for an untrained observer; but this is not enough. We want to know how it is constituted; we want to know all the delicate and subtle touches that fill in the fair design. The broad effects of light and shade, of hill and valley, wood and meadow are too indefinite to make a lasting impression on the memory. It is only when we dwell on the cluster of beeches here and the clump of chestnuts there; on the hedgerows abloom with wild roses or traveller's joy; on the stream that sparkles over its pebbly bed, clear as Horace's "fons Bandusie"; on the rustic bridge by the old mill; and the leafy lane that winds through fruited orchards, that we find in these "details" the associations which will connect us with the scene in after-years, and enable us, like the poet, to "make pictures" when our eyes "are shut." It is upon these that the mind lingers with loving recollection. It is not enough for the novelist to tell us that his heroine is beautiful. He must, as the Scotch say, condescend to particulars about the "full hazel eye," the "mobile lips," the "fine broad brow," the "brown tresses with a glint of gold in them;" and with these "details" we may hope to realise some conception of the loveliness at which he hints.

Here we touch upon the reason why the so-called philosophical historian has so little hold on the reading public. He soars above "details." He lays down broad principles. He traces—nothing less will content him—the great ruling currents of mundane affairs, and puts aside contemptuously the little episodes and incidents which appeal to the ever-living sympathies of mankind. Now, it may be very edifying to follow (if we can) the sequential relation of cause and effect—to dive deep down into the motives of the men of a past age—to apprehend the various impulses which have helped to form some grand determining movement of race or nation, or to accomplish some vast religious or political change; but to a great extent this must always be conjectural. And many of us are therefore glad to turn from the historical philosopher's inferences and assumptions to catch at the straws that float down the current of the years—to ascertain, for instance, how men and women lived, loved, and thought and felt in days

remote—to get at a knowledge of their partialities and prejudices—to discover the natural kinship that binds them to ourselves. I rejoice to abandon ingenious speculations on the extent of the influence of Lollardism on the religious revolution of the sixteenth century for such valuable facts, such interesting "details," as the journeys of Wyclif's preaching friars from village to village, as Oldcastle's courageous witness to the Truth, as Tyndall's patient labours on his English Bible, as the rattle of Caxton's printing-press in the Almonry at Westminster.

Everybody knows that Macaulay's immense and surely not undeserved popularity is largely due to his consummate skill in dealing with "details." To readers weary of the old historical school, of its disquisitions on wars and sieges, its platitudes upon protocols, and its tattle about treaties, Macaulay's method, with its flashes of insight into the life of the people, its vivid sketches of past manners and customs, came as a surprising and a welcome revelation. Instead of the dreary council-room, with its wooden figures of kings and statesmen, he introduced them to the great gallery at Whitehall, crowded with revellers and gamblers, where Charles sat toying and chatting with his three duchesses; or he showed them the poor divine of the post-Restoration period, admitted into the kitchen of the great house, and served with bread and ale. It is fashionable now to depreciate Macaulay, but it is certain that he has made it impossible for future historians to travel in the old groove. They may essay to be philosophical, but they must also be picturesque; and much of the charm of Mr. J. R. Green's historical work centres in his happy combination of what we may term scientific principles with living details—theories of constitutional growth with particulars of the intellectual development and social progress of the nation.

And, again, in biography what is it we most enjoy? The biographer's elaborate vindication or condemnation of the character of his hero, his conjectures as to his motives, his criticism of his genius? or the details which show us the man in his habit as he lived, reveal his idiosyncrasies, and place him on the same plane of humanity as ourselves? What could be more futile than the traditional biographical form? A summary of events—bald, dull, lifeless; and pages of dreary dissertation—apologetic, panegyric, or denunciatory? No; what the world cries out for in biography is—details. Its interest in great men is unbounded; it is never tired of hearing about them, at home or abroad, at work or at play; how they dressed, what they ate and drank; their follies, failings, whims, vagaries—everything which bears upon their human side. Like *Oliver Twist*, it is always asking for more. The generations have never ceased complaining that they know so little of Shakespeare. Why did not some of his contemporaries pick up and preserve the details we hunger after? This it is that makes Boswell an immortal favourite; the fidelity with which he registered details enabling us in these later days to become as familiar with Dr. Johnson as when he rolled his unwieldy figure along Fleet-street, quizzed Goldsmith as they stared at the mouldering heads on the spikes of Temple Bar, or took his fifth cup of tea from the liberal hands of Mrs. Thrale.

A Roman Caesar seems separated from us by an unapproachable isolation until we learn that his favourite pastime was catching flies, or that he hid himself in the cellar during a thunderstorm. We know so little of Alexander the Great, except as statesman and conqueror, that we accept with gratitude the story of his affection for his horse Bucephalus. I, for one, am pleased to learn that Æschylus, when he was

composing his noble tragedies, warmed his blood with a pint of wine. Who is not delighted to recall the picture of Thomson, eating peaches from the wall, with his hands indolently buried in his pockets, or of Goldsmith displaying himself in his bloom-coloured coat of immortal memory (for which, I fear, Mr. William Filby, tailor, was never paid) before the gently smiling eyes of the Jessamy Bride? Dear to all of us is the image of Gray, reclining on his couch, and reading Crébillon's romances; of Milton, creating the mighty verse of his "Paradise Lost," to the solemn sounds of organ-music; of Goethe, sturdily tramping to and fro while meditating the wonders of "Faust"; of Burns turning aside the ploughshare in the furrowed field to spare a mouse; of Shelley giving away his boots to an unfortunate vagrant whom he had met in his daily ramble, and tramping home bare-footed; of "Papa" Haydn, as the musicians call him, attiring himself in full court costume before he sat down to invent his rich-sweet harmonies. In like manner we are thankful to the biographer who lets us know that Prince Eugene was short of stature, a pigmy in body, like William III., with a soul of fire; that Edward III. was tall, and so was Columbus; that Demosthenes stuttered; that Burleigh was hunchbacked. These are the "details" which bring great men nearer to us: they appeal to our sensibilities, they sink deep into our recollection, they help us to hold "high talk with the departed dead," and, therefore, it is not easy to overrate their significance.

It is quite possible, I admit, that our partiality for such particulars may be carried to an excess, and that we may aspire to know the number of warts on a great man's face. Or it may lead us to delight in the gossip about "small deer," which seems to be the *raison d'être* of Society journals—how Mrs. Brown dressed, how Mr. Brown dined, and how Miss Brown danced. But this evil of exaggeration attends upon all human action, and the remedy is to cultivate refinement of taste and sobriety of judgment, to confine our investigations within the borders of decency and decorum. On the whole, I am induced to applaud the appetite for "details," with these restrictions, as both natural and commendable, and having its origin in certain qualities of our humanity which the moralist will be slow to condemn. Let us leave the philosopher, therefore, to disport himself among his misty generalisations and hazardous inferences, while we accept as our bosom friend and benefactor the kindly scribe who assists us to details. W. H. D.-A.

The public park at Omagh was opened on Aug. 7 by the Duchess of Abercorn, who was presented with an address in a gold casket. The town was decorated with flags in honour of the occasion, and athletic sports were held.

The annual competition for the Calcutta Cup among the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, was finished on Aug. 9, when Mr. A. F. M'Fie and Mr. Gilroy played off the final tie. Mr. Gilroy, who had four holes allowed in a handicap start, beat his opponent by three and two to play, and became the possessor of the cup for the year.

The Wesleyan Conference at Sheffield closed on Aug. 9. The report of the committee on the proposed Ecumenical Conference in America next year show that nearly all the home churches concurred in the wish to be represented. Sanction was given to the raising of £1500 to meet the expense. On the question of the setting aside a minister as temperance secretary, it was stated that ten districts were in favour of the appointment, ten were for the appointment of a layman, and fifteen were opposed to any appointment at all.

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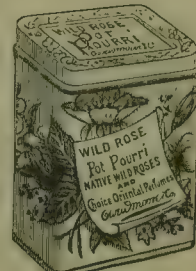


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 21, 1888) of Mr. Richard Peacock, M.P., J.P., late of Gorton Hall, Gorton, Manchester, and Messrs. Beyer, Peacock, and Company, Limited, the world-known engineers, makers, who died on March 3, was proved at Manchester on July 1, by Ralph Peacock and Frederick William Peacock, the sons, and William Taylor Birchenough, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £204,000. The testator gives 500 paid-up shares in Beyer, Peacock, and Company, Limited, to his son Frederick William Peacock; £2000 to his servant, Rebecca Sherman; £1000 and interest at £5 per cent from the time of his birth to his grandson, Richard Peacock Birchenough; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his four children, Ralph, Frederick, Mrs. Jane Birchenough, and Mrs. Eugenie Dawson.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1885), with two codicils (dated June 4 and 19, 1889), of Mrs. Jessy Crawshaw, widow, late of Dany Park, Brecon, who died on July 17, was proved on Aug. 7, by William Thompson Crawshaw and James Dolphin, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £88,000. Out of two sums amounting together to £158,500, over which she has a power of appointment under the will of her father, she appoints £25,000, upon trust, and £26,240 absolutely, to her son Alfred Thompson; £15,000, upon trust, for her son Codrington Fraser; £36,240, upon trust, for her son Willoughby Sitwell; £30,000, upon trust, for her daughter Jessy; £10,000, upon trust, for her daughter Isabel Mary Church; and the remainder of the said trust fund to her said daughter Jessy. She gives £26,240 to her son Codrington Fraser; £1000 each to her other sons Alfred Thompson and Willoughby Sitwell; £100 to Colonel Henry Farrer; £500 to William Dolphin; and legacies to servants. She devises Dany Park and all her real estate to her daughter Jessy, but upon the express condition that she does not breed, keep, or train, or allow to be bred, kept, or trained, during her lifetime, any horses for the purpose of racing. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughter Jessy.

The will (dated March 6, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 26, 1889), of Mrs. Despina Agelasto, late of No. 18, Hyde Park-square, widow, who died on May 2, was proved on Aug. 6 by Stephen Augustus Ralli and Alexander Anthony Vlasto, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £78,000. The testatrix gives £5000, upon trust, for her granddaughter, Kate Isabel Ralli; £2500 each, upon trust, for Augusta Sordina and Despina Sordina; an annuity to her servant; and £1500, upon trust, for each of her daughters, Julia and Despina, if they are respectively unmarried at the time of her death. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for all her daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 6, 1889) of Mr. Cornelius Nicholson, F.G.S., F.S.A., J.P., D.L., late of Ashleigh, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, who died on July 5, was proved on Aug. 1 by Miss Cornelia Nicholson, the daughter, and James Stuart, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator gives £10,000 to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Agnes Stuart; £4000 each to her sons, Edward Alexander Stuart, James Nicholson Stuart, Charles M. Stuart, and Henry Venn Stuart; £100 each to his sisters, Miss Anna Nicholson and Margaret Freeman; £50 to James Stuart; legacies to servants; and certain articles of silver and books to Mrs. Stuart and his nephews, Edward and Henry Stuart. The

residue of his property he leaves to his daughter, Cornelia Nicholson. The deceased was one of the chief pioneers of railway work in England.

The will (dated May 14, 1889) of Dr. Charles Elam, late of No. 75, Harley-street, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 3 by Mrs. Helen Augusta Elam, the widow, and George Elam and Edward Sanderson Elam, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £51,000. The testator gives £2000, the lease of his house, and the furniture and effects therein, to his wife; £200 to his niece Judith M. Sanderson; £100 to his niece Hannah Crossley; £100 to each executor, and an annuity of £84 to Mrs. Sherwin. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 27, 1888), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1889), of Mr. John Frederic La Trobe Bateman, J.P., D.L., F.R.S., C.E., late of Moor Park, Farnham, and No. 18, Abingdon-street, the eminent waterworks engineer, who died on June 10, was proved on Aug. 6 by Mrs. Anne La Trobe Bateman, the widow, and the Rev. William Fairbairn La Trobe Bateman, the son, the acting executors—power being reserved of making the like grant to the Hon. Richard Clere Parsons, his son-in-law and partner—the value of the personal estate exceeding £43,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £500 each to the two children of his sister, Mrs. Spruill; £1000 between the children of his brother Charles; £700 to his brother Edward; and gifts of furniture, pictures, jewels, &c., among his family. He gives and devises all his real and personal estate in the island of Majorca to his son, Lee La Trobe La Trobe Bateman. The residue of his property he leaves as to four-twelfths thereof to his wife, two-twelfths to his son William, one-twelfth to his son Lee, one-twelfth each to his four daughters, and the remaining one-twelfth upon trust for his son Frederic Foster La Trobe Bateman.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1889) of Mr. Francis Day, C.I.E., retired Deputy Surgeon-General of the Madras Army, late of Kenilworth House, Cheltenham, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 2 by Francis Meredith Day, the son, Miss Fanny Laura Charlotte Day, the daughter, and James Batten Winterbotham, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator gives his house, with the furniture, plate, carriages, horses, &c., the manuscripts and copyrights of all his publications, and £5000 each to his daughters Edith and Fanny; £250 and an annuity of £30 to Fanny Julia Faithfull; £100 each to his executors; £100 to each of his sisters, Mary Anne Beaumont and Alice Katherine Day; £100 to Mrs. Covey; £100 to the Rev. Frederick Stockdale; and £100 each to Edward John Waring and Andrew Neill. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1886), with four codicils (dated Sept. 21 and Oct. 12, 1886; Aug. 8, 1888; and April 11, 1889), of Mr. John Oastler, late of The Ferns, Christchurch-road, Streatham-hill, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 5, by William Marcus Lightfoot, John Palmer, and George Napper, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator gives £2000 to his brother William Oastler; £7000 to his cousin George Milner; £500 to his nephew William Oastler; £7000 to his cousin William Milner; £2000 each to George Knowlson, Mrs. Slater, and George Beach; £4000, upon trust, for Mrs. Jane Beach for life, and then upon further trusts for her husband and children; £3000 to William Marcus Lightfoot; £3000 to John Palmer; £1000

to George Napper; £1000 to his solicitor, Edward Henry Bartlett; £500 each to Alice Jackson and John Lightfoot Jackson; £1000 to Margaret Manfield; £500 to William Stewart, and other legacies. He bequeaths to the Master and Wardens of the Leathersellers' Company the portrait of his late brother John Oastler, who was a member of the said Company, and requests them to hang the same in their Hall. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his greatnephew Mark Oastler Harley Imeson.

The will of the Right Hon. Amabel Elizabeth, Countess of Pomfret, late of Chaldon, Bournemouth, widow, who died on July 12, was proved on Aug. 1 by Miss Amabel Elizabeth Thorpe and Mrs. Georgina Ferrers, the daughters and executrices, the personal estate being sworn under a nominal sum.

The will of Captain Richard Henry Williams Currie, J.P., formerly of Boughton Hall, Cheshire, and late of Vicars Moor, Winchmore Hill, who died on May 8, at No. 1, Stanhope-gardens, was proved on Aug. 1 by Mrs. Charlotte Currie, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £5714.

THE BETHNAL-GREEN FREE LIBRARY.

The report which the committee has just issued, setting forth the work it has done during last year, must be regarded as more than encouraging. The progress in a dozen years has been quite phenomenal, for the 500 volumes with which a commencement was made have grown to 20,000, besides an immense number of magazines, &c. In point of fact, their very success has been a source of perplexity to the committee, necessitating, as it does, additional enterprise and larger outlay, the entire movement being supported by voluntary aid.

On the occasion of his visit the Lord Mayor, as a vice-president, not only pronounced the success to be a marvellous one, but said that the library itself was "one of the most useful institutions in the metropolis." The additions presented to the library during the year were 1714 volumes, besides 1551 reviews, magazines, &c. Of course, it will happen that many copies of the same book are sent, besides illustrated papers; these are disposed of by free grants made to working lads' institutes, workmen's clubs, coffee-palaces, and similar institutions in and around London.

The free illustrated science and other lectures and popular concerts have been more successful than ever, so much so that on two occasions the largest hall in the East-End was secured, accommodating not less than 5000 persons. In addition to the above, the evening classes for technical education have been increased. Six new classes were added during the year: these embrace wood-carving, shorthand, book-keeping, and various languages. It is estimated that through its reading-room, lectures, and classes the library had benefited some 50,000 persons last year, bringing up the number to over 400,000.

The trustees are hoping soon to commence building much larger premises, as, at present, the accommodation is quite inadequate. This will involve an outlay of something like £20,000, towards which Sir J. Tyler has promised £1000, and the Rev. Dr. Tyler £200.

In the Foresters' Hall, Canterbury, on Aug. 8, a banquet was given in honour of England's champion cricketer, Mr. W. G. Grace. The chair was occupied by Mr. F. A. Mackinnon; and among the company present were Lord Harris, the Earl of Darnley, and many notabilities of the cricket world.

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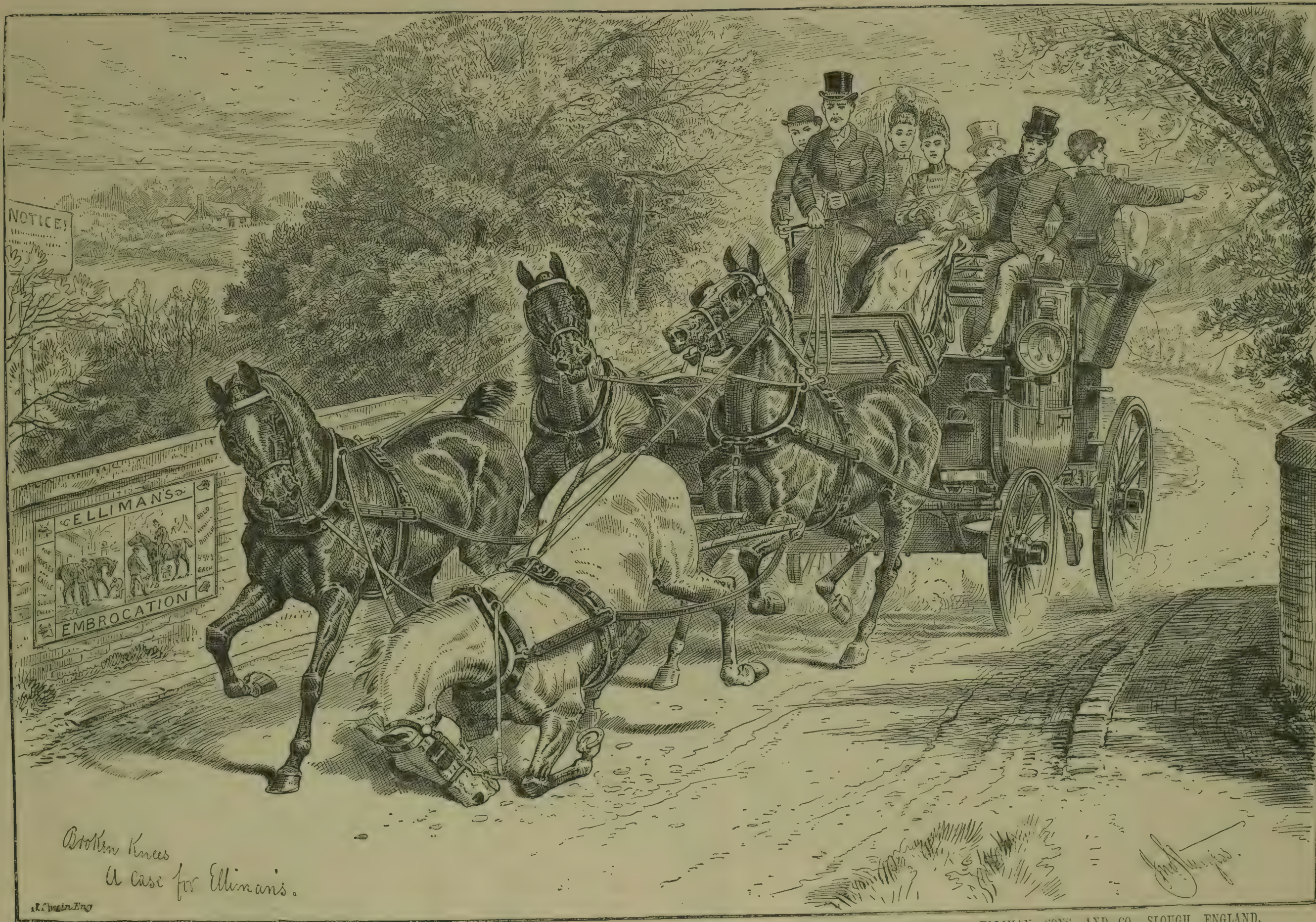
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

If the House of Commons accept the compromise arranged in the House of Lords about theatre children, it will, I think, give general satisfaction. On the motion of Lord Dunraven the Upper House has agreed to allow children between the ages of seven and ten to be employed on the stage by special license in each case from the local Justices, which is to be granted only on proof that the children will be kindly treated, and that proper arrangements will be made for their care. This will not satisfy the people who hate the stage altogether. Those who think of the stage-door as an outer entrance to the avenue that leads direct to the bottomless pit—a state of mind in which, undoubtedly, many good people are to be found—naturally object to children being introduced to the evil path. These people, however, would equally like to bring back the old Puritan laws to suppress theatrical performances altogether. They would like the stigma of vagrancy applied to actors, as of old; would be glad to see them denied shelter for the exercise of their art in life, and Christian burial in death. With these people it is useless to argue about the position of children on the stage.

Puritanism has had its day, in which it deadened art of every description, fostered tyranny, made a generation of hypocrites and hypochondriacs, and paved the way for a period of vice triumphant and unabashed. That day may return—there are tokens of its even now approaching. A conceited, arrogant assumption of moral superiority for dulness, slowness, and indifference to beauty, which becomes blatant occasionally, shows that the spirit that brings about Puritanical legislation is still alive. But at present it has not to be seriously reckoned with. If the bulk of the voters are made certain that the children engaged on the stage are not overworked, not deprived of education and relaxation, and not taught wickedness—they will be satisfied.

Has this been proved? As far as London is concerned I think it has, conclusively. The deputation headed by Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree to the Home Secretary, to protest against the statements made of the overworking of stage-children and the bad moral results of their employment, has much force. These are the leading managers in London. If men like these found the assertions true they would certainly be ready to exclude young children from their boards. They would do so, I believe, even at a sacrifice to themselves. But, in point of fact, the sacrifice would be small; for though young children add to the grace and attractiveness of a spectacle under some circumstances, and therefore managers famous for their endeavour to

make their amusement for the public the very best possible naturally wish to keep the right to employ children, yet people do not go to the theatre on purpose to see the little ones dance. It would hardly reduce the attendance at the Lyceum, Drury Lane, or the Haymarket by a single visitor were the children excluded from the stage. It is nonsense, then, to talk of the evidence of these leading managers as tainted by self-interest.

Apart from this evidence, I have personally visited Madame Katti Lanner's school for the ballet, and seen the children and talked to them for myself. It was what the Education Code calls a "surprise visit." I was not expected, and therefore not prepared for. The children were all in their every-day clothing, and obviously belonged to the poorer classes. One little mite of six, who was wearing on her capering little feet a pair of dirty white satin shoes that made a droll contrast to her thick brown frock, told me that she had no father, and her mother "worked the machine"—that is to say, earned twelve or fourteen shillings a week at most. Another of the smallest children said that her father was a bricklayer, but "he ain't had no work for six weeks 'cos it's frosty." It is a mercy to allow children to help to earn in such cases as these. There was no trace, moreover, of dulness, overwork, or ill-usage on their faces.

Dancing is a pleasure to most children. A barrel-organ in a back street is usually surrounded by crowds of little girls dancing to its music as long as it will remain. I had an amusing proof, as I sat in Madame Lanner's hall, that this natural liking for the exercise is not extinguished by its being made "work." There came a dance which belonged to the big girls alone. "Go away, you little ones—go over to that corner and wait till the young ladies do their dance," said the ballet-mistress. The dozen or so small children retired to the corner as they were bidden. But did they throw themselves wearily down to rest? Not a bit of it! As soon as the violin and piano struck up, every tiny form began to move; and there they all were capering away for diversion, and as unwilling to sit still and watch others dancing as your own little girl would be at a juvenile ball.

It is decidedly bad in principle that little children should be their own bread-winners. Parents of the working-class should be taught by the law that they must be prepared to provide for their own children. But the smallness of the number of theatre children prevents any general evil result coming from allowing their employment; while looking not at general principles, but at individual cases, it is certain that it would often be best for children if they could be permitted to help to earn their own living—else they do not have a

decent living at all. Little ones should not be allowed to work? Why, hundreds of thousands of tiny drudges work at home, cleaning, carrying about babies almost as big as themselves, and fetching weighty parcels, far harder than do these theatre children, and without the recompense of good food, cleanliness, and warm clothing. When there is so much real misery and suffering left unaided in child life, it does seem sad to see such noise and effort squandered on turning a couple of hundred youngsters out of an easy and pleasant and remunerative position.

Two incidents of recent date illustrate how ill-founded is the fear that learning will either indispose women for the natural duties of their sex, or make them so unattractive as to close against them the chance of getting those duties to fulfil.

One of these incidents was the marriage of Miss F. Nightingale Toms, M.B. of London University, a distinguished student of the London Medical School for Women, and one who carried off various University honours as well as those of her own school. Miss Toms has married a professional brother, Mr. Stanley Boyd, F.R.C.S. The other incident is quite a unique one: a senior classic of Cambridge has become the mamma of a little son. Miss Ramsay, who held that proud position at the head of the classical honours list at Cambridge two years ago, was shortly after married to Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, and now has her first baby. If there is anything in hereditary transmission of intellectual qualities, what a giant of scholarship that little one will turn out! And Mrs. Butler is herself a proof of the truth of heredity, since both her father and her uncle were "honours men" in their day, and her grandfather was a well-known scholar.

From America comes the news of the death of a famous learned woman, Dr. Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar, whose name is to be placed on the same plane with those of Mrs. Somerville and Miss Caroline Herschel. She was seventy-two years old. She conducted many original observations of the heavens from the time that she was eighteen years old; but it was not till she was forty, when she made the important discovery of a comet, that her fame became European. Then a gold medal was awarded to her by the King of Denmark, and the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon her by a German University. She was a fine and stately looking old lady, and was adored by her students at Vassar, which is the Girton of America.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Colonel Sir F. W. Grenfell, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, has been promoted to the rank of Major-General in the British Army, in recognition of his services during the recent operations on the Nile.

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THE SILENT MEMBER.

St. Grouse Day found but sparse Houses at St. Stephen's. In the House of Lords, where Ministers had to face a beggarly array of empty benches on the so-called Opposition side, the Earl of Carnarvon starred in a rather melancholy style till the Prime Minister rose. Resolving himself, in a manner, into a kind of Sacred Ibis, Lord Carnarvon popped up, more in sorrow than in anger, to deplore the unsatisfactory state of affairs in Egypt, while expressing satisfaction at Major-General Sir F. Grenfell's recent success on the Nile. Lord Salisbury gazed reflectively on the stained-glass windows on which the Kings of England figure, and kept time to Lord Carnarvon's somewhat mournful discourse by beating a tattoo on the floor with his feet, alternating this favourite exercise of his by playing on his knee as if it were a pianoforte. Lord Morley, the brown-bearded Chairman of Committees, passed the time in holding a whispered conversation with Lord Halsbury on the woollack; and Lord Monson kept sole guard of the front Opposition bench (from which the leaders had flitted to Walmer, Homburg, and elsewhere); but Lord Carnarvon pursued the even tenor of his way, prompting himself from the notes he held in his hand. As the sermon proceeded, Lord Salisbury's tattoo of impatience grew livelier; but the be-wigged head of the genial Lord Chancellor drooped from the perpendicular to an angle of forty-five degrees under the somnolent influence that prevailed.

By no means loth to cease listening, Lord Salisbury in his reply adopted the "high policy" tone of deep profundity of which Lord Beaconsfield was the master. The Premier, in brief, justified the action of the Government in Egypt on the grounds that they had inherited certain administrative responsibilities, which necessitated the continuance of the British occupation till order was completely restored, when England would fulfil the engagements she had entered into with regard to Egypt. Lord Herschell so far supported the Marquis of Salisbury's statement that he bore witness, from personal knowledge, to the improvement of the judicial system in Egypt of late years.

The Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod had at the outset of the sitting called the Speaker and the Commons to the bar of

the Upper House to hear her Majesty's Commissioner give the Royal assent to the Prince of Wales's Children's Annuity Bill, the final stage of which was thus reached with rare celerity.

The Commons are heartily tired of legislative work; they are envious of the lucky "pairs" who are sunning themselves in invigorating fresh air on the Moors or at the Wight; and they will rejoice when the last week in August brings the end of the Session and the farewell shake-hands with Mr. Peel. Such ebullitions of passion on the part of the perfervid Parnellite members as Mr. E. Harrington was guilty of on the Eighth of August, when this hon. member was actually about to cross the floor apparently to offer violence to the Secretary for Ireland, naturally rouse impartial Mr. Leonard Courtney sternly to demand order. Such glaring instances of the utter lack of self-control on the part of his political opponents do but strengthen the position of Mr. Balfour, who maintains his calmness under the grossest provocations.

Mr. Smith bears up well; but the Leader of the House must have felt almost at the end of his tether when, in the divisions on the Tithe Rent-Charge Bill, on the Twelfth of August, the Government had their way by majorities of only 4 and 14!

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor William and Prince Henry of Prussia arrived at Berlin on Aug. 10 at a late hour, on their return from England, and were most enthusiastically received. On the 11th the Emperor gave a long audience to Prince Bismarck, who, with Counts Moltke and Waldersee and a variety of other notables, returned to town so as to add the splendour and significance of their presence at the meeting between the Emperors of Germany and Austria. Next day the Emperor Francis Joseph, accompanied by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and attended by a large suite, arrived at the Thiergarten Railway Station. His Majesty was met at the station by the Emperor William, with all the Princes of the Royal House, Prince Bismarck, Count Von Moltke, General Von Blumenthal, and all the members of the general staff, and Count Herbert Bismarck. The Emperor Francis Joseph witnessed a parade of the whole army corps of the Guards in Berlin, the Emperor

William commanding the troops in person. Their Majesties were loudly cheered. In the evening a grand banquet was given in the Royal castle, when important speeches were delivered by their Imperial Majesties. The Empress Frederick arrived on the 12th at Braunfels, on a visit to Prince Solms, and to see the monument of her late Consort, which has recently been unveiled at that place.

The Shah and suite left Paris on Aug. 10, travelling by way of Bale to Baden. President Carnot accompanied his Majesty to the railway station. Mr. Edison is now in Paris, and his visit seems to be eclipsing that of the Shah in interest.—A fête was given on the 8th by the Municipality of Paris to the members of the scientific congresses present there, and to the French and foreign students; and Lord Lytton entertained on the 9th at a dinner-party a number of medical men who are attending the medical congresses now in Paris.—The Senate constituted themselves a High Court of Justice on the 8th, to hear the charges that have been brought against General Boulanger, Count Dillon, and M. Rochefort of conspiring to overthrow the Government of the Republic; and on the 13th the Court decided by overwhelming majorities that the General was guilty both of conspiracy and of a treasonable attempt against the State. Count Dillon and M. Rochefort were found guilty of complicity with the General.

The Cape Parliament was prorogued on Aug. 12. All the measures of importance introduced by the Government have been passed, as well as the Bill increasing the salary of the High Commissioner by £3000. The revenue for the last month shows an increase of £80,000 as compared with July of last year.

The Imperial British East Africa Company announces the issue of a portion of its share capital. Under its charter the capital is £2,000,000, in £20 ordinary shares, and the present issue is half that amount. Of this issue 12,000 shares were subscribed by the founders in April of last year, and 500 are reserved. This leaves 37,500 to be offered to the public now. For these shares Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Ransom, and Co., the London Joint Stock Bank, and the British Linen Company Bank will receive applications.

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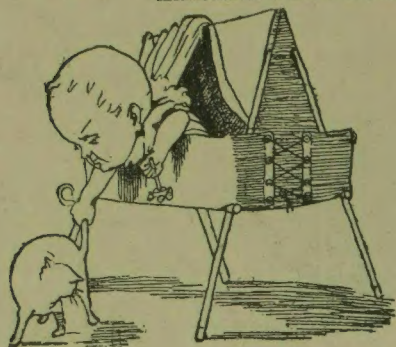
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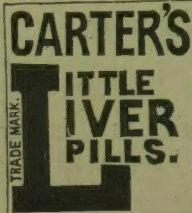
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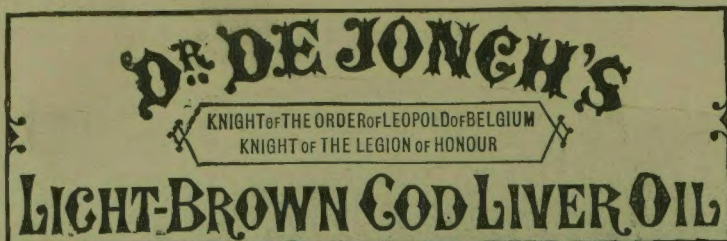


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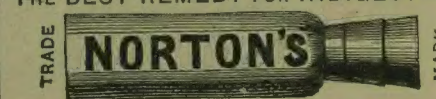
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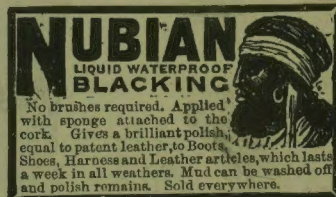
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